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N. Korean Govt Demands Withdrawal Of UN Forces

Lake Success, Jan. 12.
The North Korean Government today cabled a fresh demand to the United Nations to withdraw its armed forces from Korea.

In a cable to Mr. Trygve Lie, the United Nations Secretary-General, the North Korean Foreign Minister accused "American imperialists" of further "sanguinary misdeeds" against the Korean people and called on the United Nations to settle the conflict.

"It is high time that the United Nations settled the question of the withdrawal of United States forces from Korea and of the cessation of foreign military intervention against the Korean people," the North Korean Foreign Minister said.

"If the United Nations does not take this action the champions of peace will succeed in doing so since the sympathy and support of all advanced progressive humanity throughout the world is on the side of the Korean people,"—Reuter.

UN MEETING
Lake Success, Jan. 12.
The United Nations Political Committee met today to continue its examination of a resolution calling for a cease-fire in Korea, the withdrawal of foreign troops and a conference, including Communist China, to settle Far East problems.

If approved and endorsed by the General Assembly, the resolution would be transmitted without delay to the Chinese People's Republic in Peking.

Supporting the principles on which the resolution is based, the Netherlands delegate, Mr. Daniel Von Balthus, said that the position of the United Nations remained determined by the Charter even if overwhelming odds prevented the United Nations from the moment from carrying out collective security.

The Australian delegate, Mr. Keith Shann, also supporting the principles, said that because the Soviet delegate yesterday appeared to reject them he should not assume that Peking would also reply by rejection.

Adding his support for the principles, the South African delegate, Mr. Gerhart Jooste said that this support did not mean any weakness of South Africa's support for the system of collective security.

"Nor is our support of the proposals inspired by principles of appeasement," he declared.—Reuter.

GI Makes Complaint

Washington, Jan. 12.
Representative Mike Mansfield, Montana Democrat, asked an immediate investigation of an American GI's complaint that US supplies are being sold at fantastic prices on the black market in Korea.

A letter from the soldier, which Mr. Mansfield read to the House today, said GI beer was being sold in Korean groceries at US\$1.25 a can, liquor at US\$35 a fifth, and medicinal brandy at 75 cents for a two-ounce shot. He also said GI clothing was being peddled in Korean shops.

"So help me God, I've never seen anything so rotten," the GI wrote Mr. Mansfield. "I've never been so disillusioned and disgusted in my whole life."

Mr. Mansfield withheld the GI's name, but said he was a young man and a former student under Mr. Mansfield at the University of Montana.

In requesting an immediate investigation by the House and Senate Armed Services Committee, Mr. Mansfield assured those Committees he had "the utmost respect and confidence" for the complaining GI.—Associated Press.

Smallpox Outbreak At Brighton

London, Jan. 12.
Thousands of nurses, doctors and other staff of London's hospitals are being vaccinated at the rate of 120 an hour because of smallpox at Brighton, 50 miles away, where another death occurred yesterday.

The latest victim, bringing the total to six, was an 18-year-old Brighton nurse.—Reuter.

TINY WAR REFUGEES



Flu Epidemic Hits North Of England

Manchester, Jan. 12.
Extra grave-diggers were drafted to cemeteries here today to bury victims of a vicious influenza epidemic sweeping the North of England. Thousands of people are ill and more are reporting sick every hour. There are long queues at surgeries and chemist shops. The epidemic, the worst since 1918, threatens to cripple industry.

In this city many buses are being withdrawn from service because there is no one to drive them. The flu has stricken 400 drivers and conductors.

The great port of Liverpool, 40 miles from here, is one of the hardest hit cities of all. Weddings and baptisms have had to be postponed because priests and parsons are on almost permanent funeral duty.

The influenza epidemic has also flared up on the continent. Reuter reports from European centres gave this picture:

Brussels: Court cases were adjourned today because three out of four judges were ill and influenza forced the postponement of a meeting of the Belgian Cabinet.

Eliminating bouts in the country's amateur boxing championships had to be postponed for the same reason.

Hamburg: Last week 200 patients were being admitted to hospitals daily but this week the figure has been cut to only about 50.

One of the many problems facing the United Nations Authorities, Church societies and missionaries in Korea is the care and attention of homeless children—such as these. Many thousands of them are to be seen wandering, usually alone, in bomb wrecked towns, villages and countryside. This picture was taken at Seoul in South Korea.—London Express Service.

China Reds Have Their Troubles

Negligent Officials, Tax Evasions

Hongkong, Jan. 12.
The Communist New China News Agency reported a heavy toll of train collisions, derailments and other kinds of railway accidents during the last 12 months through the negligence, inefficiency and red-tape of Communist railway officials.

The Agency did not give any figures on the number of accidents or loss to property and lives, but said that the situation was so serious that the directors of all the chief railway administration bureaux in Tientsin, Tashan, Talyuan and Hengyang had been reprimanded.

It said a movement was launched to eliminate bureaucratic red-tape in the railway administrations and a series of new safety measures put into force. The situation improved somewhat towards the end of the year, when the number of accidents was reduced by about 40 percent, but it was still a serious problem, the Agency added.

TAXATION ARREARS
Tax evasions and defaults are posing a serious economic problem for the Chinese Communists in Shanghai. The Liberation Daily reported that practically all factories, firms and shops in the city are in debt to the government. Some of the tax payment arrears dated as far back as the last quarter of 1949. By the end of last year, only about 57 percent of the arrears had been paid up.

The Communist organ said the paper industry was the worst offender. A survey showed that it had paid only 27 percent of the taxes levied in 1950. Next came the sugar industry which was 46 percent in arrears.

The Daily said that the government has called upon the industrial and trade guilds to stand up to the pledge in the "Patriotic Covenant" which they had signed as their contribution to the Anti-American and Aid-to-Korea Movement. The pledge said, "We shall pay our taxes promptly."—United Press.

Eight Killed In Air Crash

Christchurch, Jan. 12.
At least eight people were killed when an aircraft crashed nine miles from Invercargill today.

The police said that 18 people were on board the plane.—Reuter.

Willing To Talk With Stalin Or Mao

SAY COMMONWEALTH PRIME MINISTERS

London, Jan. 12.
The Prime Ministers of the nine British Commonwealth countries ended their 10-day conference here tonight with a declaration that they would welcome any feasible arrangements for a frank exchange of views with Stalin or Mao Tse-tung.

The statement also called for a speedy settlement with Germany and Japan.

The Prime Ministers declared, "We do not seek to intervene in the affairs of the Soviet Union or China or any other country."

"We are simply determined to retain the mastery of our own affairs without fear of aggression," they added.

The Premiers further asserted, "We are, both jointly and severally, pledged to peace. This is not merely a pledge given to other nations. It is solemnly given to our own."

"The wounds of the last war must be healed. Settlement with Germany and Japan should be made with speed. We must do what we can to understand those who appear to differ from us."

"When we say that war is not inevitable we do not just mean that we shall prepare and be strong so that our strength may deter aggression."

"We mean that in a world worn out and distorted by war there must be an overwhelming majority of the people of all lands who want peace. We must not despair of reaching them."

The Prime Ministers added that it had been with these considerations in mind that the efforts of the conference had been directed to securing the cessation of hostilities in Korea.

"So that around the conference table the Great Powers concerned may compose their differences on a basis which will strengthen the United Nations and fulfil the purpose of the Charter."

THE COMMUNIQUE
The following is the text of the final communique issued by the Prime Ministers:

"The Prime Ministers of the Commonwealth have agreed that at this critical time it was desirable to supplement and reinforce by personal discussions the regular exchange of information and views which is maintained at all times through the High Commissioners in Commonwealth capitals."

"Against the background of the common understanding thus secured, decisions can be reached more readily by Commonwealth Governments on specific questions of policy."

"The discussions which the Prime Ministers have held during the past 10 days over a wide range of topics have once again revealed a harmony of view that gives the sense of confidence and strength in this time of international tension."

"The main purpose of the present meeting was to review the international situation and to consider what further positive action Commonwealth Governments could take to secure and preserve world peace."

"There was agreement on the urgency and importance of promoting a satisfactory settlement in the Far East."

"The current discussions on this question in the First Committee of the General Assembly of the United Nations were kept under daily review during the course of the meeting; and the Commonwealth Prime Ministers were able to exchange views regarding the means by which their representatives in New York could best advance those discussions towards a successful conclusion."

"It is their earnest hope that the fresh approach which has now been made in the First Committee may lead to a settlement of outstanding issues in the Far East."

JAPANESE TREATY
The Prime Ministers discussed the terms of a peace settlement for Japan and the safeguards which it might include. They affirmed their belief that the early conclusion of a Japanese peace treaty was an urgent need.

"The Prime Ministers considered the situation in the Middle East. They agreed that the stability and welfare of this area, and its maintenance as a

Racing Tips

By "RAPIER"

RACE 1
Ringwood
Thunderjet
Constant Star
Outsider:—Ingrid.

RACE 2
Bathfield
Shun Fung
The Stranger
Outsider:—Easy-going.

RACE 3
Hongkong Slutze
Minz
Happy Valley
Outsider:—Topper.

RACE 4
Boom Town
Prince Delight
Flying Jib
Outsider:—Liberation Star.

RACE 5
Speed Bird
Rasher
The Tigress
Outsider:—Mastery.

RACE 6
Vagabond King
Arabian Dagger
World Peace
Outsider:—Egyptian Field.

RACE 7
Toowomba Boy
Baylight
Dashing Beauty II
Outsider:—Fleeta.

RACE 8
The Chief
Sookunpops
Shun Lee
Outsider:—Anna.

By "The Turf"

RACE 1

Thunderjet
Windermere
Ringwood
Outsider:—Ingrid.

RACE 2
Hopper
Shun Fung
Bathfield
Outsider:—Sparkling Eyes.

RACE 3
Brivisto
Topper
Harmony
Outsider:—Oakland Bridge.

RACE 4
Boom Town
A Grand Time
Possibility
Outsider:—Stratheffer.

RACE 5
Speed Bird
Rasher
The Tigress
Outsider:—Mastery.

RACE 6
Highlight
Norse Queen
World Peace
Outsider:—Pleasant Valley.

RACE 7
Damia
Baylight
Toowomba Boy
Outsider:—Thunder Sky.

RACE 8
The Chief
Hurricane
Sunkiss
Outsider:—Anna.

COMMENT OF THE DAY

Registration Scheme

GOVERNMENT has decided to invoke a section of the Emergency Regulations for the purpose of carrying out a registration of British subjects resident in the Colony. We cannot congratulate Government on its timing for the introduction of a measure which can so easily lead to uneasy suspicions, though we do not quarrel with the proposals as such. Government, however, appears to suffer from a peculiar faculty for making decisions and taking actions which invariably require an apology when they are presented to the public. We accept, without reservation, Government's assurances that the present action is motivated by nothing more than a desire to be properly prepared and to put Hongkong "in line with the general preparedness movement against the march of events." Similarly we are satisfied that there is no connection between this week's voluntary evacuation scheme announced by the United States Consulate-General and the publication by Government of emergency regulations. The general public need suffer no apprehensions; this registration move has no special significance. The Government spokesman seems to have put the case clearly and fairly; Government wishes to be able to co-ordinate information already in its possession (through application of the Registration of Persons Ordinance, 1949) with other more detailed and special information; there is no question of a call-up or of putting British subjects into uniform; the new registration could, if found necessary, help in the task of forming a National Service. All this is acceptable so far as it goes. British subjects in Hongkong will raise no protest against registration or of supplying special information to Government about themselves and their qualifications. What is likely to agitate their minds is, recollecting what happened in 1941

and afterwards, the stupid mistakes made then in consequence of a similar scheme will not be repeated. If and when it becomes necessary to call for a form of National Service in Hongkong all those liable to its provisions will want to know how they are going to be affected. The last time certain groups were established—Essential Service, Key Post, Defence Force—which, in due course were all treated on a different basis when it came to recompense for services rendered, solatiums for hardships suffered, and emoluments for dependents. The discrimination—all unnecessary—created hard feelings, much discontent and jeopardised future loyalties. Anything of that nature must be avoided at all costs if there is to be compulsory National Service a second time. And the best way to avoid any misunderstandings is for Government, as soon as it has completed registration, to announce a detailed National Service scheme, its component units, how they will function, and the conditions under which everyone will serve in a time of emergency, including, of course, emoluments and dependents' welfare. The emphasis on this aspect is not engendered by mercenary calculations, but is stimulated by a lively recollection of the mistakes of omission committed in 1940 and which had such unfortunate results. Government need have no fear about the loyal response of British subjects in Hongkong to any call of duty, but those same people are entitled to guarantees that they and their dependents will not be neglected either while they are doing their appointed jobs or after they have been completed; more especially will they insist that next time there is nothing remotely suggesting discriminatory treatment. For the rest the Colony's British subjects will contemplate a call to service with equanimity.

STOP PRESS

City Street Hold-Up

In broad daylight and in the midst of a thick pavement crowd, two gunmen shot a man whom they tried to rob outside the Des Voeux Road entrance of the Gloucester Hotel shortly before 11 a.m. today.

On the alarm being raised, the gunmen dispersed, one running east and the other west. The latter turned into Pedder Street then through the lane at the side of Jardine's new building into Theatre Lane.

There Mr. Leo Landau, proprietor of Jimmy's Kitchen, stopped and grappled with the man and managed to disarm him.

The other gunman managed to get away.

The victim was shot several times and was taken to hospital by ambulance. His condition is serious. He lost a quantity of blood which stained the pavement outside the Gloucester.

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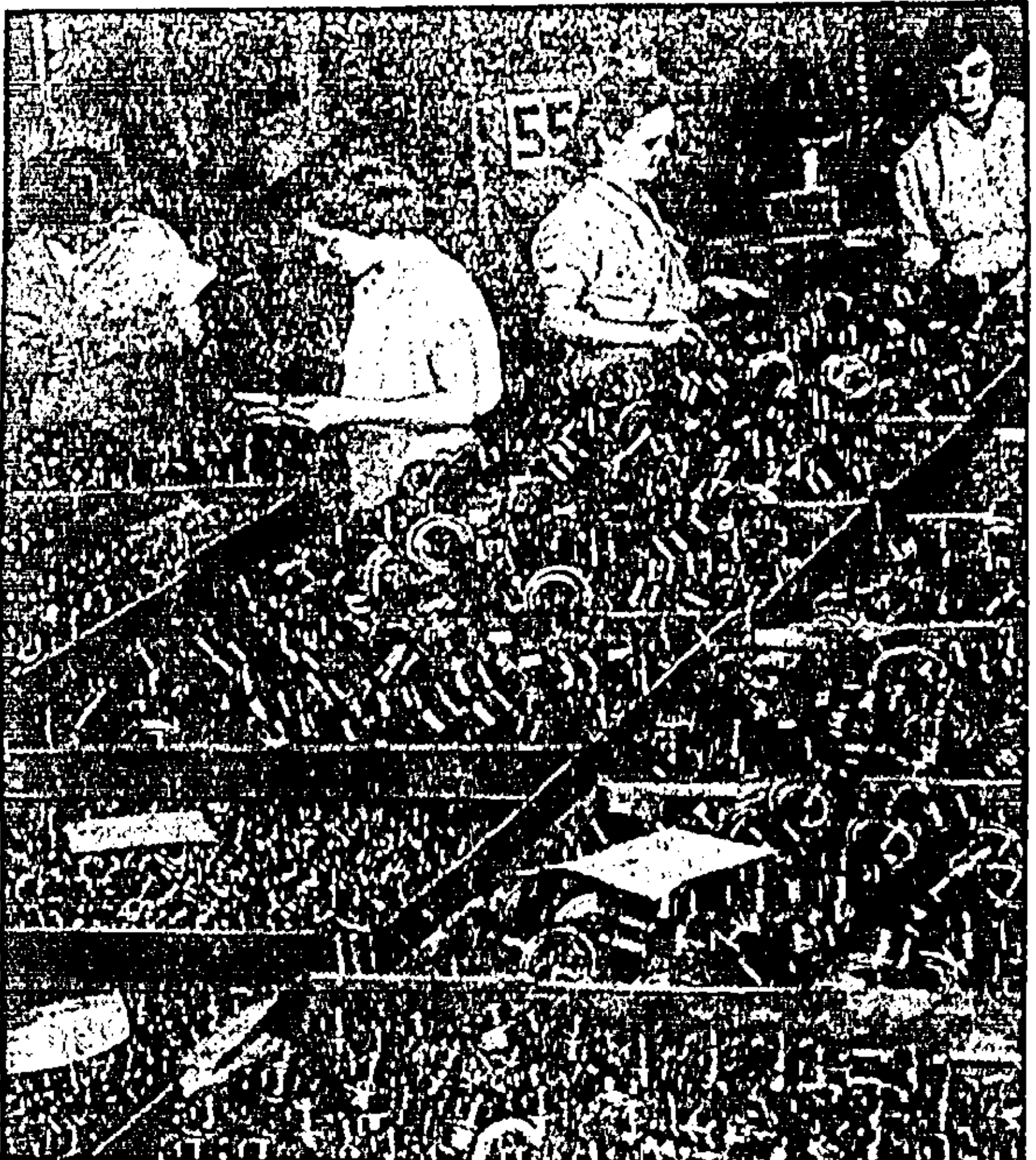
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AMERICA'S WOMEN RETURN TO THEIR WAR JOBS



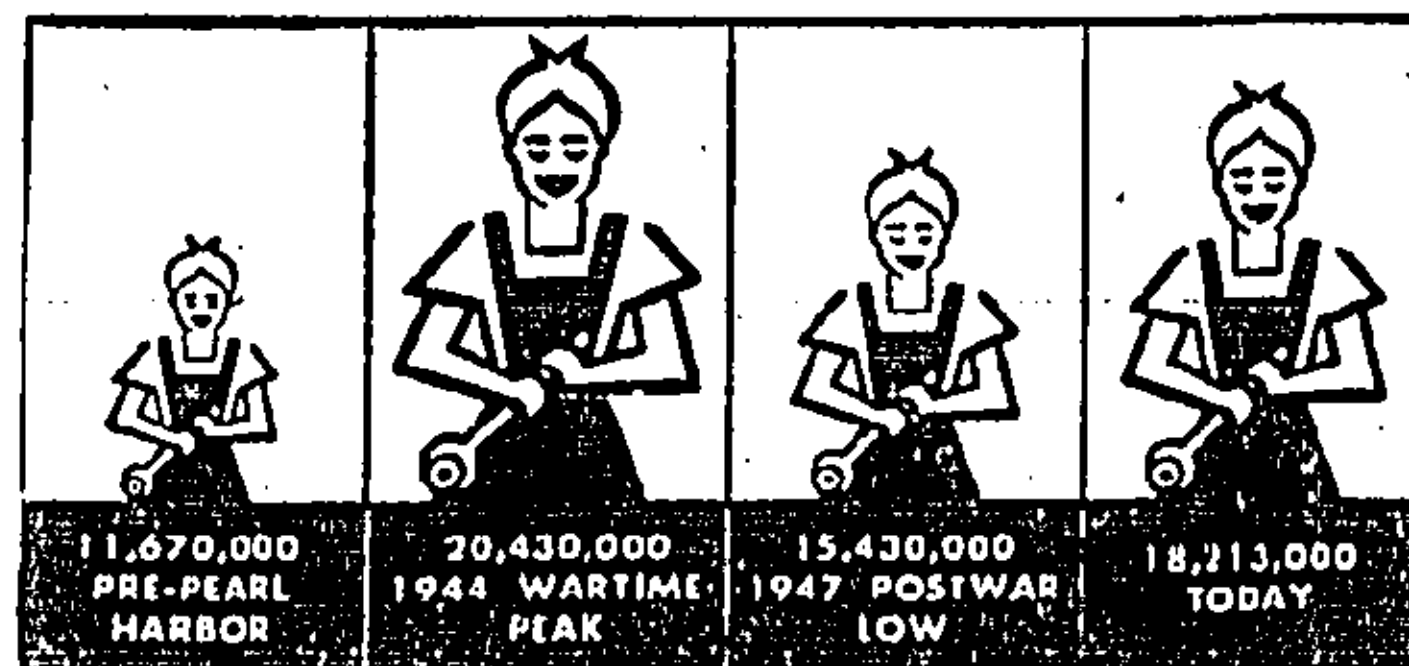
WOMEN excel men in tedious jobs calling for dexterity and have replaced them on this assembly line, placing rivets in containers.



ANOTHER JOB at which women are adept is packaging. Here, they are checking fully assembled ball bearings against shipment orders.



Checking the rolling elements of ball bearings is monotonous and confining work, but women at the SKF plant enjoy it, even though they must wear magnifying glasses for hours.



ROSIE THE RIVETER, Swing Shift Susie and just plain Jane have dug out their overalls and are once more punching time clocks at American war plants.

Shortage of skilled workers and a rearmament programme building up to gigantic proportions are sending many thousands of women into the factories. It's a repeat performance of what occurred back in 1940-41, with one exception. Today, there is no surplus farm manpower, no unemployment rolls to draw upon. A sharp increase in defence production will require that far more women than in World War II must be trained for industrial jobs.

The trek back to the work bench has been extremely heavy since the start of the Korean war. The number of women employed has reached 18,213,000 and is fast approaching the wartime peak of 20,430,000. This is in sharp contrast to the postwar low of 15,430,000 and the prewar figure of 11,670,000, a year before Pearl Harbour.

A typical example of the current personnel trend is found at the Philadelphia plant of SKF Industries, which makes ball and roller bearings. In 1949, its ratio of women to men employees was one in five. It's now one in four.



HIGHLY-POLISHED steel bearing balls, mirroring an inspector's face, are checked for imperfections. The slightest flat surface will divert them to the melting pot. Once the spheres have been polished, they are handled only with gloves to prevent damage.



PRECISION and ability to handle heavy factory work that formerly was done only by men, women operate complicated machines that grind bearing rings. Women-classed as skilled mechanics are in high demand in war plants.

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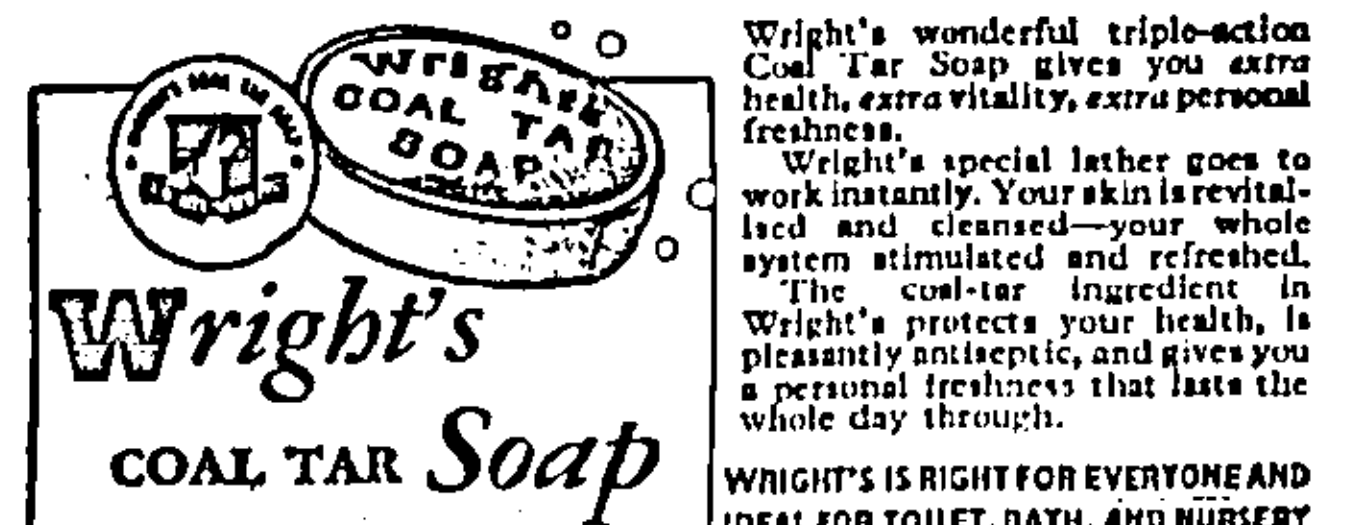
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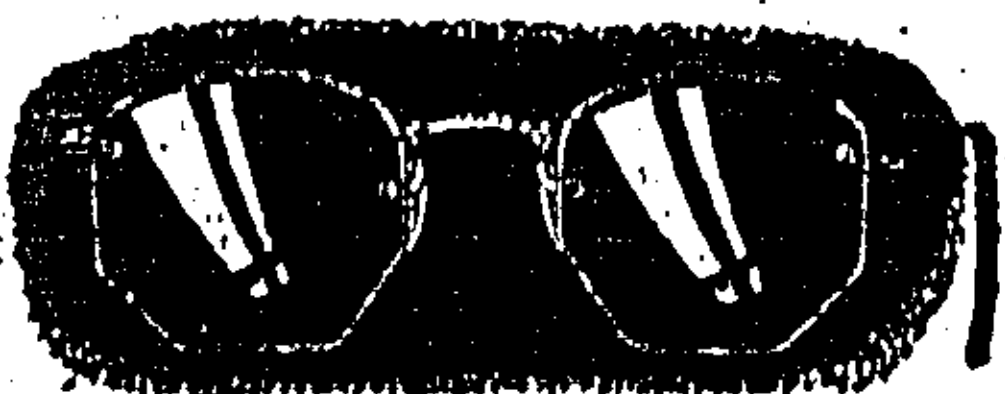
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Cpl Hoover arrives in Bordeaux

BORDEAUX. NEGRO corporal, Matthias Hoover, nearly 7ft. tall, wearing a beige half-coat as soft and thick as a blanket, pauses in the main street of Bordeaux to take a cigar from his lips and blow far and wide a philosophical cloud of smoke.

So this, he seems to be thinking, is Bordeaux, France. Well, that's O.K. by him, if it's O.K. by Bordeaux.

But is it O.K. by Bordeaux? The passers-by, on the whole, do not even treat him to a stare. They are for the moment (no kinder generalisation is possible) apathetic to his presence. And yet this sloppily graceful, dark corporal in his pigskin gloves is a rather historic figure.

Now for reality

HE has come to build the little 'ol' dump down the road. Before he came there were meetings of Ministers, of generals and financiers, and there has been Fontainebleau and jamborees of Staff officers arranging Western Defence—on paper. It had to be on paper because that was the only place where Western Defence had any reality.

But now this surprising figure in the main street of Bordeaux is in process of putting that straight—because the little 'ol' dump 70 kilometres down the road at Le Poteau would cover the Acton-Golders-Green-Blackheath triangle that is half of Greater London with ease. And it is one of several similar dumps serving the American forces in Germany or waiting to receive Atlantic Pact arms.

Some days ago Matthias was front-page news in the local Communist daily Les Nouvelles. He was photographed with other coloured soldiers making the camp in the rain. The caption explained that the white officers were covering in their tents while Matthias built an imperialist springboard under compulsion.

Easy approach

THEN, the next day, the force, of which he is one two-thousandth, was damned as the "Second Army of Occupation."

KNIGHTS-ERRANT OF MALTA

By ROBERT SHEARER

THE 3,000 Italians who are members of the aristocratic Knights of Malta have offered their charitable services to the Government in the development of a Mediterranean air-sea rescue organisation.

The offer has been accepted, and the Knights are hoping to add a little of their own lustre to the Air Force pilots by whom rescue work has hitherto been done.

"Italy is a member of an international body constituted at Geneva after the war to help planes and ships in difficulties," explained a retired admiral, who is one of the moving spirits behind the liaison between the Knights and the Air Force.

"Besides being responsible for a large section of the Mediterranean, Italy is also responsible for an area of the Adriatic Sea. I don't know whether Tito is a member of the Geneva Convention or not, but at the moment we are covering for him, too, so far as I know."

The Knights of Malta belonging to the 900-year-old Catholic order of Saint John of Jerusalem, do not have very great financial resources to allow them to develop an independent air-sea rescue group of their own. As a matter of fact all the pilots who will be used in future will be members of the regular Air Force patrols, just as they have been in the past.

Planes used for this rescue work now amount to about 20 rather old and slow seaplanes

But no flags fly for the Advance Guard of America's Peace Army...says

HUGO CHARTERIS

But these personal remarks are all written in French, so they don't trouble Matthias much.

I went to the dump, after being assured that it was difficult to approach without being arrested by the French guards. Perhaps the heavy rain accounted for the ease with which I turned down the road to the "Explosive Area" and trundled between steamrollers, embryonic hangars, bulldozers, excavators, and castles of ammunition. This at last was something like it. This was Elg.

A sentry stopped the car once to insist that beyond where he stood two things could never proceed: Cigarette-lighters and women.

Russia knows

PERHAPS there was common sense in the laxity of the guards. A percentage of the Frenchmen making the dump are avowed Communists. What they know, Russia knows.

Some of them, having lunch in the local village of Captieux, were not afraid to give their opinion. The dump made good work now, they said, but what sort of work would it make later? Western Defence was just two more words to them. What happened last time and the time before and the time before that? All Western Defence, was it? Pass the red wine.

The innkeeper himself shakes a sceptical head. Captieux has seen a thing or two. It was a French camp in 1914-19, a bombing range in the thirties—then a German, and finally a British, dump. Now it was an American dump. What next?

No attempt is made in the way of publicity to combat this apathy or to welcome the Americans and their depots. The Rugger International, 35-year-old Resistance general, Deputy to the Assembly, and Lord Mayor

of Bordeaux M. Chaban-Dolmas, said: "Yes, it is really shameful that we have to try to play down the very thing we should be shouting from the rooftops—American help. But what can you do? It is from Paris that a move must come. Such half-heartedness plays into Communist hands."

American officials explained how it had taken several months of negotiation with the French Government before the Bordeaux dumps could be established. They suggested that part of the agreement eventually signed had dealt with publicity—or, rather, the restriction of it—in order that Left-Wing opinion in France should not be stirred.

Certainly, American soldiers in Bordeaux (there are only 2,000 of them in the area) have specific orders to "make themselves scarce"; never to congregate either themselves or their vehicles. The cargoes are unloaded at a lonely quay at Le Marquis, standing in waste land at the mouth of the Garonne, 20 kilometres from Bordeaux—where no one will see.

In spite of this discretion the Communist local paper never lets a day pass without some disparaging story about the "Army of Occupation."

Since the vast dump at Le Poteau is not yet in a photographic condition, Les Nouvelles has contented itself by publishing a

map of American forces, and installations in Southwest France.

Faced with this map the Americans smile and say that with so many confessed Communists unloading the boats and building the camps the map had no excuse for being inaccurate.

But if the Americans can joke about Communist dockers unloading American arms the Communist chiefs can't. Their appeals to members of Red unions to throw the stuff in the sea or to refuse to unload it have been ineffective.

Arms are duo

THE material unloaded to date is mainly for the American forces in Germany, but soon a ship will arrive at La Pallice with the first consignment of Atlantic Pact arms, the tools for the men of Fontainebleau. Already an enclosed camp has been prepared to receive them near La Rochelle. Probably they will be kept discreetly out of sight.

The Communists themselves could not have devised anything more effective than the way in which the first earnest of European Defence in the Bordeaux area is being "played down."

Matthias Hoover in the main street will need to know soon—and definitely—that it is "O.K. by Bordeaux," for, as little ol' Napoleon said: "The morale is to the physical as ten is to one."

A GIRL Named Judy

by BILLY ROSE

AS everyone and his Aunt Esmerelda knows, there's no business like show business for the fortunate few who make the grade. But—

In 1946 a stage-struck lass from Nebraska named Judy Peters moved into a New York boarding house off Times Square and began looking for work in the theatre. As per usual, she was average bright, round of face, figure and eye, and determined to make her mark on the 45th Street marquee.

A few months later, thanks to a stage manager who took a shine to her, she got her first part—a three-line role in a two-act play that lasted four performances.

FOR a solid and sobering year after that, Judy made the rounds, eating the usual health salads and waiting on table to pay her bills. She was heart and arch-breaking work, but it finally paid off when the Big Chance came along—the second lead in a Shaw revival.

The day after the play opened out of town, Judy wired her folks they wouldn't have to help her any more, and when Nathan singled her out for mention in his review the farm girl figured it was all over but the movie offers.

ONE swell notice, however, doth not a star make, and when the play closed after a run of three months, Judy had to go back to job hunting.

By this time her family, fed up with her show business shenanigans, had put her on

notice that the only further money she could expect would be train fare back to Nebraska. And so, to keep body and hopes alive, the would-be Helen Hayes went back to waiting on tables.

Last April, after three grim years of scratch-as-scratch-canning, Judy was handed the script of Keith Winter's old hit, The Shining Hour, by the director of a summer stock company. He asked her to bone up on the part of Judy Linden—a typical farm girl whose accent was pure mid-West, and whose face and figure were more silo than sex.

The audition went off without hitch or hesitation and Judy was in the heaven above seventh when the director complimented her on how well she read her lines. He told her he'd let her know definitely the following day and she went back to her one-room-and-bath to wait.

THE next night the landlady smelled gas, but by the time the police arrived Judy was dead. On the bed by her side was the script of The Shining Hour opened to the scene in Act Two where Judy Linden, the farm girl, takes her own life.

The cops, looking for a suicide motive, didn't have far to look. On the dresser was a note from the director: "Sorry, honey. You read the part fine, but I'm afraid you're not the type."

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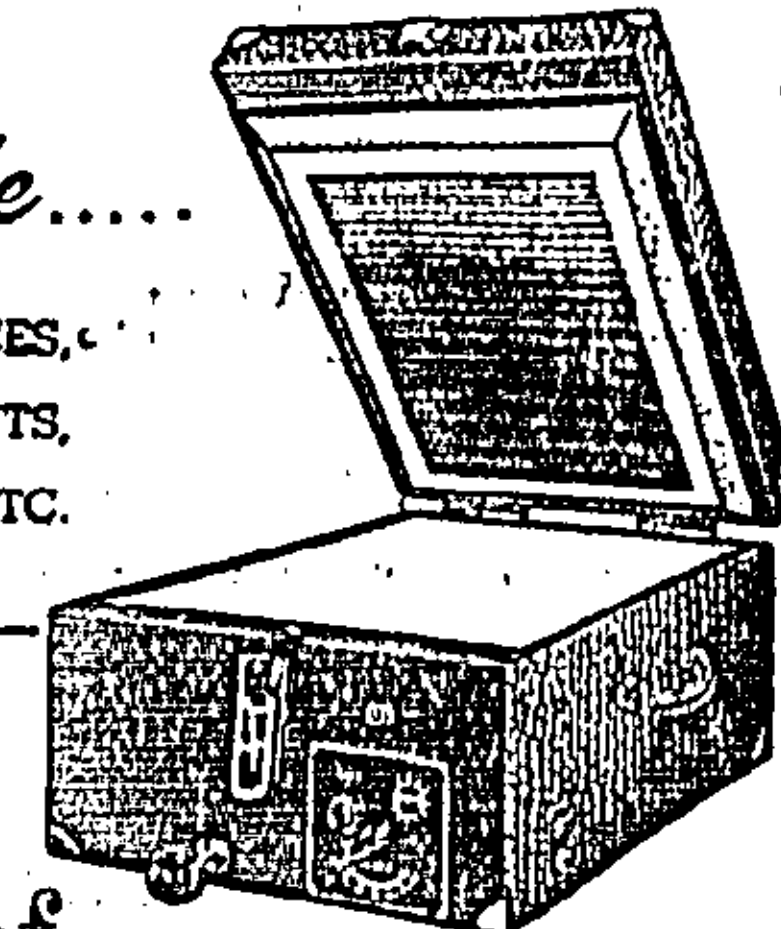
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for the St. John Ambulance Association & Brigade ANNUAL BALL which will be held under the distinguished patronage of His Excellency the Governor, Sir Alexander Grantham, K.C.M.G., and of Lady Grantham, at the Hong Kong Hotel on

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Tickets may be obtained, and table reservations made, at the Reception Offices of the Hong Kong Hotel and of the Peninsula Hotel.

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MONKEY GLAND FORMULA PUT HIM AT THE TOP

THE CHAPMAN PINCHER COLUMN...



Dr. B. A. HEMS

AN unassuming 38-year-old Scot—Glasgow-born Dr Benjamin Arthur Hems—was Britain's outstanding scientist of 1950, according to a poll of expert opinion carried out by this column.

Dr Hems has won lasting scientific fame for discovering an ingenious new method of making "monkey gland" tablets. It has already increased the doctors' skill and may eventually enable farmers to produce more food.

"Monkey gland"—the popular but misleading name for a drug called thyroxine—supercharged the system, speeding up the heart-beat, the digestion and the energy output.

In the healthy human body a gland called the thyroid, located in the neck, sets free just enough thyroxine to keep the "engines" running at a regular rate.

But for thousands of people who suffer from a permanent thyroid disorder an extra supply of it is essential. Without it they rapidly degenerate into puffy invalids, with minds and bodies barely "ticking over."

The "monkey gland" prescribed by doctors for these patients is extracted from the thyroid glands of sheep. The drug had been made from chemicals before, but in this form it was extremely expensive and far less effective than the natural extract.

Working in a Greenford, Middlesex, laboratory, Dr Hems has now found a cheap method of making synthetic "monkey gland," which hospital tests have proved to be fully as effective as the natural substance.

The use of this pure drug, instead of a cruder gland extract, will enable doctors to be more accurately controlled.

Scientists have also found that, if the new synthetic drug is given to dairy cows, it increases milk yields by about

four pints a day. It also boosts the egg-laying power of hens. These experiments are being pushed ahead. But the scientists warn that the same drawback which ruled out "monkey gland" as a safe slimming treatment for women—its effects on the heart—may prevent its being widely used for farm stock.

Small stir

★ WHY are there no great women surgeons? Women seem to be perfectly equipped for a profession in which success depends on fine-point dexterity rather than mental agility.

Yet, while about 3,000 men are rated proficient enough with the scalpel to qualify as Fellows of the Royal College of Surgeons, only 71 women can put the coveted F.R.C.S. on their name-plates.

And these women have made such a small stir that a Royal College of Surgeons official could not remember the names of any of them offhand when I asked him.

Abandoned

★ ST DUNSTON'S Hospital scientists have abandoned attempts to build a radar "eye" for guiding blind people, after five years of experiments.

Radar itself was quickly ruled out as impracticable, but scientist Raymond Buerle devised a neat, torch-sized gadget called a clicker, which sends out sound signals, and picks up their echoes on the radar principle.

Tests with blind children were most encouraging, Buerle tells me. The clicker gives such ample warning of hazards such as pillar-boxes that the children could walk along unknown routes at two miles per hour.

Unfortunately the clicker is no help to blind people walking along a familiar route—in fact it slows them down. And as they usually stick to routes they know they cannot be bothered to carry it.

Viewpoint

★ SURGEON'S opinion: "A woman's skin is her shop window, and more and more of it is exposed to the public gaze every year." — Sir Henshaw Ogilvie, of Guy's Hospital, S.E.1.

—(London Express Service)



"What happened to your resolution not to set elephant traps for Grandma in 1951?"

London Express Service

RUSSIA AFTER STALIN

Future Rests With Soviet People Themselves

By Sir Robert Bruce Lockhart

ON December 21, 1950, Generalissimo Stalin celebrated his seventy-first birthday. Of the 31 members and alternates of the Central Committee which launched the 1917 October revolution he alone survives to exercise supreme power. His position seems unassailable. The dictatorship of the proletariat has become the dictatorship of one man, and today Stalin is the Tsar not only of Soviet Russia but of all Communists throughout the world.

Sir Robert Bruce Lockhart was educated in Scotland, Berlin and Paris, and joined the Consular Service at the age of 24. He has very considerable knowledge, based on personal acquaintance, with many of the leading figures in the USSR and Eastern Europe. He has had wide journalistic experience. During the Second World War he was Director General of the British Political Warfare Executive. He has written several books, among them "Guns or Butter?" and "Comes the Reckoning." Sir Robert is now in his early sixties.

He has husbanded a strong constitution with a strict routine, and rumours of ill-health have never been confirmed. The few foreigners who have seen him during the last two years have noted no marked change, beyond that of increasing age, in his physical or mental vigour.

By all calculations, however, he is an old man who has lived through strenuous times, and in all the capitals of the world, including Moscow itself, one question is asked persistently: what changes will take place in the Soviet Union when he dies?

Sounder view

Official opinion in the Western world envisages no great alteration in the Soviet system, and for the West this is the safer and sounder view. There are, however, many factors to be considered—the quality of his successor or successors; the measure of discontent which may exist in the Soviet Union; the permanence of the whole or part of what he has created, and the characteristics of the Russian people.

As regards the succession, one surprise can be made with full confidence. It will be a long time before any leader can achieve the authority and prestige which Stalin has created for himself during the 25 years of his reign. It took him 17 difficult years, plus the added glory of a victorious war, to establish both the authority and the prestige.

Moreover, when Lenin died, it was clear to all observers that the struggle for the leadership would be between Stalin and Trotsky. As general secretary of the party Stalin held the line in favour of the political machine and, aided by Andrei Zhdanov, he stood firm against the "Left" opposition. His triumph was

Today no such struggle is apparent, nor can the chances of the possible candidates be assessed by any other means than by their proximity to Stalin on official occasions and by their order of precedence on official lists.

Stalin has never allowed tall poppies to grow round him, but in precedence Molotov comes first. He was Stalin's associate in the editorial room of Pravda before the first World War and will be 61 in March. Already he looks an old man. He has never been a popular figure, nor, in the opinion of those who have had to deal with him, does he possess the qualities of leadership.

A more formidable figure is Malenkov, a younger man whom Stalin sent to Stalingrad at a critical moment of the war and who now holds the key post of secretary of the party. There is also Berya who controls the vast network of security. But of the remaining few who help to guide the destinies of the Soviet Union, Mikoyan is the most able.

Difficult task

But there is no one who stands out as a potential successor. In my opinion, a military dictatorship is unlikely. During the war the generals were exalted, but as soon as hostilities ceased they were made to resume their previous anonymity. They are, however, one of the privileged castes and, if their loyalty and submission to Stalin are unquestionable, they have neither the same regard nor respect for his civilian colleagues. To this extent Stalin's demise would make the task of his successor more difficult.

That discontent exists in the Soviet Union is acknowledged by all the so-called experts, who, however, differ widely in their appraisal of its extent and of its power to cause serious trouble to the regime. General Hecoll Smith, who was American ambassador in Moscow from 1945 to 1949 and who takes a soldier's view, does not accept the picture which some writers have given

of seething resentment against the dictatorship. In his opinion the vast majority of the people now living in the Soviet Union have no idea of personal liberty. Those Russians who understood the processes of democracy are now in exile, in prison or dead.

On the other hand, Sir Maurice Peterson, who was the British ambassador during the same period, discerns in the Russian people "a certain yearning for better times, for more beauty, for less dragooning in their lives, for greater contact with the outside world."

There is also the evidence of ex-Communists—men like Ignazio Silone and others who were members of the Comintern and who are shocked by the cruelty of the regime and by what they consider the betrayal of the revolution. In broad outline the picture they draw is as follows:

New castes

Although social classes have been abolished, there is now a new system of "castes." The ruling castes, subdivided from Stalin down to the smallest functionary, have all the power and all the privileges. The lowest caste includes the workers and peasants, who represent 80 per cent of the Russian people and who are exploited in a degree unknown in any Western democracy. Intrigues and personal rivalries abound in the ruling caste to an extent comparable with the corruption of an ancient Oriental court. Discontent is widespread and, although unable to express itself forcibly for the moment, will one day prevail over despotism.

This picture may be overdrawn, but it is present in the minds of the despots themselves who after 33 years of absolute power still live in a rigidly guarded seclusion. There are, too, clear indications that Stalin has no desire for a war in which the Soviet Government might appear to the Russian people to be the aggressor.

In reverse

Stalin belongs to the pre-revolutionary era when it was an accepted principle of the revolutionaries that Terrorism could not be overthrown without a war. Today the principle works in reverse and it is for this reason that Soviet propaganda seeks persistently to create in the minds of the Russian people the perpetual fear of an aggressive attack by the West.

It is a policy fraught with danger both for the world and for the Politburo, for when the hand of Stalin is no longer in control, the principle that the Soviet Union must never fight a war of aggression might no longer be observed.

It is difficult to foresee the form which increasing discontent might take. If in one sense the Stalin revolution has been reactionary it has also been creative, and the economic changes which have taken place during the last 30 years have been far-reaching. It is possible to envisage violent revolt against authority, but a radical change in the economic and social system is unlikely, and still more the probable extent over a period of years, years, is an approach to anything like Western democracy.

In the last resort the issue will be decided by the Russian people. In character they are extremists moving between periods of long passivity and short violent eruptions. Individually they incline to gentleness. Nor are they heart a warlike people. Nevertheless, at different stages in their history they have rebelled against the central authority, and the rebellions have been characterised by savage cruelty.

One difference

The characteristics of a race do not alter easily, but there is one profound difference between the Russia of the Tsars and the Soviet Union of Stalin. The people have learned to read, and although their literature is controlled, the Russian and, indeed, the foreign classics are free, and in the works of authors like Pushkin, Gogol, Dickens and Shakespeare there is material enough to kindle new fires of liberty.

Moreover, religion, to which Communist dogma is ruthlessly opposed, has neither withered away nor been wiped out by force.

During the war Stalin found it necessary, for patriotic reasons and the security of the regime itself, to meet the upsurge of religious sentiment by relaxing the anti-God propaganda and the oppression of the Orthodox Church.

Churches filled

Though the Orthodox Church has no political power and, in fact, gives official support to the regime, the religious sentiment engendered by the war has not died, and today the churches of the large Soviet cities are filled, not only by the aged, but by young Soviet citizens and officers born since the revolution. The curious fact remains that education, so far from killing religion, has revived it.

So alarmed have some of the militant Communists become that they are demanding stronger measures for the extirpation of religion, not by violence, but by a more vigorous propaganda.

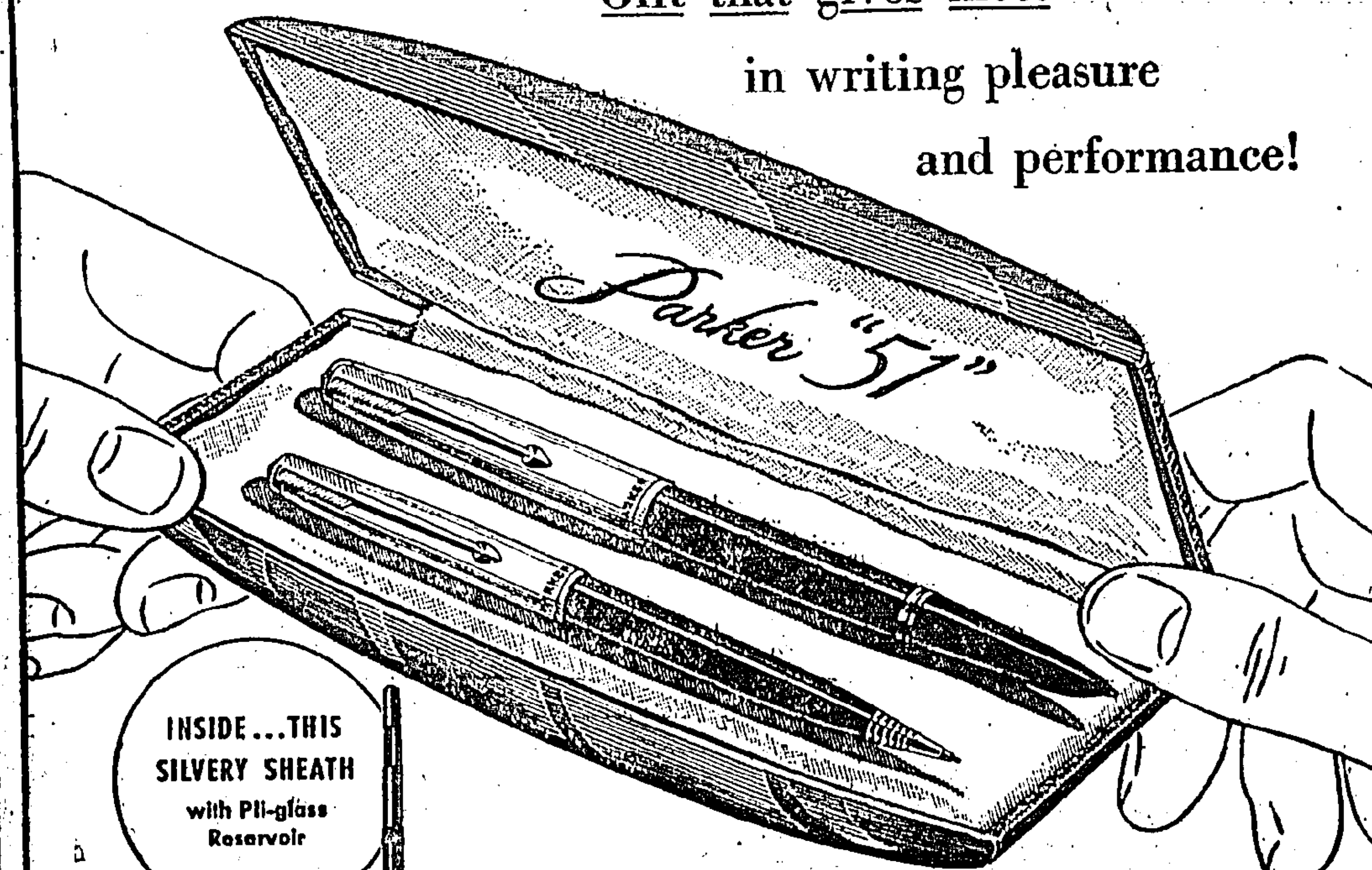
In the final count it may well be that education and religion will be the turning-point in a reaction not so much against Socialism as against the savage methods by which it is applied.

End of epoch

The toll of savagery has been formidable, and there can be few Russian families which have not had some direct or indirect experience of its ruthlessness. For 25 years the whole vast structure of the Russian Soviet Republics, now 10 in number, has been held together by a strongly centralised regime of which Stalin is the predominant and all-powerful figure. In all these Republics, and also in the satellite Communist countries, there are elements of suppressed, but still latent, nationalism. Nevertheless, with the exception of Lenin, the men who made the October Revolution were under 30. Today the average age of the Politburo is nearer 60.

The grip of old men on new countries is proverbially weak, and changes will be inevitable. These changes may be gradual or convulsive. They may be for better or for worse, but the passing of Stalin from the scene will mark the end of an epoch in the history of Russia.

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IT'S JUST SOME PEOPLE MOVING IN NEXT DOOR

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By Erle Stanley Gardner

THE CASE OF THE HOWLING DOG

(CHAPTER II)

PERRY MASON looked at his watch when he entered his office. The hour was exactly eight forty-five.

Perry Mason switched on the lights and set a leather case on Della Street's desk. He snapped a catch, took off a cover, and disclosed a portable typewriter. He reached in his overcoat pocket, took out a pair of gloves, and put them on. From a briefcase he took several sheets of paper and a stamped envelope. He had just placed them on the desk when Della Street came in.

"Don't take off your gloves, Della; leave them on," he told her.

"Why?" she asked, regarding the long black gloves on her hands and arms.

"Because," he said, "we're going to pull another fast one, and I don't want either one of us to leave finger-prints on the paper."

He walked over to the door and locked it.

"Take a sheet of paper," he said, "and put it in that portable typewriter."

"I don't like portables," she told him. "I'm used to my office machine."

"That's all right," he told her. "Typewriters are as individual as handwriting. A handwriting expert can tell the kind of a typewriter a document was written on, and can also identify the typewriter itself. If he has access to it and a chance to compare the writing."

"This is a new portable," she said.

"Exactly," he told her, "and I'm going to put some of the type a little out of line, so it won't look quite so new."

He went to the machine and started bending the type bars.

"What's the idea?" she asked.

"We're going to write a confession."

"What sort of a confession?"

"A confession," he said, "to the murder of Paula Cartright."

She stared at him with wide startled eyes.

He moved to her shoulder and said in a low voice, "Write this, addressed to the city editor of the Chronicle:

"Dear Sir:

"I notice that in your paper you printed an interview with Elizabeth Walker, in which she said that I had made statements on several occasions that I intended to die on the scaffold; that I spent most of my time staring through binoculars at the residence occupied by Clinton Forbes, who was then going under the name of Clinton Foley."

"All of these things are correct."

"I notice that you have published an editorial demanding that the authorities apprehend me, and also spread the rumor that I was a spy."

"That's correct," she said, "but the rumor that I was a spy is a lie."

"I am sorry to hear that," he said, "but I am sure that the authorities will be able to distinguish between the truth and the lies."

"I am sure of that," she said, "but I am sure that the authorities will be able to distinguish between the truth and the lies."

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"I am sure of that," he said, "but I am sure that the authorities will be able to distinguish between the truth and the lies."

"This accusation is unjust and untrue."

"I did not kill Clinton Forbes; but I did kill my wife, Paula Cartright."

"Under the circumstances, I think that the public is entitled to know exactly what happened."

"I lived in Santa Barbara with my wife, and I was happy."

"Clinton Forbes, and his wife, I knew that Clinton Forbes was a rotter, so far as any moral sense was concerned, but I liked him. I knew that he was playing around with half a dozen women. I never had any suspicion that my wife was one of them. Abruptly, and out of a clear sky, I realised the truth. I was a ruined man. My happiness was wrecked and so was my home. I determined to hunt down Clinton Forbes and kill him, as I would a dog."

"It took me ten months to find him. Then I found him living on Milnas Drive, under the name of Clinton Foley. I found that the adjoining house was for rent, furnished, and I moved in, purposely engaged a housekeeper who was stone deaf, and who could not, therefore, engage in neighborhood gossip. Before I killed Clinton Foley, I wanted to find out something about his habits. I wanted to find out something about how he was treating Paula, and whether she was happy. To that end, I spent most of my time studying the house through binoculars."

"And yet, despite all of my plans, I failed in my purpose. I waited until there was a dark night that suited my intentions, and sneaked across the grounds to the house of my enemy. I fully intended to kill him and claim my wife. I gave my housekeeper a letter to my lawyer. In that letter I enclosed my will. In case anything happened to me, I wanted to know that my affairs had been put in order."

"I found the back door of the house unlocked. Clinton Foley had a police dog, Prince, who acted as watch dog, but Prince knew me, because I had been friendly with Clinton Forbes in Santa Barbara. In place of barking at me, the dog was glad to see me. He jumped on me and licked my hand. I patted his head and walked quietly through the back of the house. I was going through the library, when suddenly I encountered my wife. She stared at me and screamed. I grabbed her and threatened to choke her if she didn't keep quiet."

"She almost fainted with terror. I made her sit down, and talked with her. She told me that Clinton Forbes and his housekeeper, Thelma Benton, had been carrying on a clandestine affair for years; that the affair had dated back even before his wife, Paula, was there. Forbes had gone out with Thelma Benton, and that she was alone in the house; that Ah Wong, the cook, and gone out to spend the evening with some Chinese friends, as was his custom."

"I told her that I intended to kill Forbes, and that I wanted her to go away with me. She told me that I must do nothing of the sort, and that she had ceased to love me and could never be happy with me. She threatened to call the police and tell them about what I intended to do. She started to scream. I choked her."

"I can never explain emotions of that moment. I loved her passionately. I knew that she no longer loved me. She was struggling with me, to save the man who had betrayed me and whom I hated. I became insensible to my surroundings. I only knew that I was crushing her neck in a frantic grip. When I regained my senses sufficiently to realise what I was doing, she was dead. I had choked her to death."

"Clinton Forbes was building an addition to his garage. The cement work was in. The floor was about to be laid. I went into the garage and found a pick and shovel. I dug up the ground where the floor was to be poured, buried the body of my wife in a shallow grave, took the extra dirt in a wheelbarrow, carried it to the rear of the lot and dumped it. I wanted to wait for Clinton Forbes but I dared not do so. The thing which I had done had completely unnerved me. I was trembling like a leaf. I realised that my temper had betrayed me into killing the woman I loved. I realised however that I was safe from discovery. The contractors were about to pour the cement floor in the addition to the garage and that would cover up the evidences of my crime. I went to another section of town, rented a room under an assumed name, built up a second identity for myself and have been living there ever since."

"I am making this confession because I feel that it is only fair that I do so. I killed my wife. I did not kill Clinton Forbes—I only wish that I had. He deserved to die but I did not kill him."

"I am safe from detection. No one will ever penetrate the secret of my present disguise."

"Very truly yours,"

Perry Mason waited until the girl had finished her typing, then he took the paper from the portable machine, and read it over carefully.

"That," he said, "will be all right."

In purposeful silence, Perry Mason sat down at the table, made several practice signatures on a piece of paper, then deliberately forged the signature of Arthur Cartright to the confession. He folded the paper, then handed Della Street the stamped envelope.

"Address that," he said, "to the city editor of The Chronicle."

He put the paper back in the portable typewriter.

"What are you going to do now?" she asked.

"Mail the letter," he said, "and see that this portable typewriter is placed where the authorities will never find it, take a taxicab, and go home."

She looked at him steadily for a moment, then walked to the door.

She paused, with her hand on the knob, stood motionless for a moment then turned and came back to him.

"Chief," she said, "What results are you trying to get?"

"I want," he said, "the cement floor in that garage extension broken up, and the place underneath carefully searched."

Perry Mason waited until she had gone down in the elevator. Then he switched on the lights, put on his overcoat, sealed the letter, took the portable typewriter, and went to his car.

He drove to another part of the city, posted the letter in a mail box, and then took a winding road which led to a reservoir in the hills back of the city.

He drove along the bank of the reservoir, slowed his car, took the portable typewriter and slung it into the reservoir.

By the time the water splashed up in a miniature geyser, Perry Mason was stepping on the throttle of his automobile.

Radiators were still hissing comfortably in the building when Perry Mason sat down with Paul Drake.

"Paul," he said, "I want a man who's willing to take a chance."

"I've got lots of them," Drake said. "What do you want?"

"I want this man to call up Thelma Benton, say that he's a reporter of The Chronicle; that the city editor has given an okay to pay ten thousand dollars for exclusive rights to publish her diary if it's as represented."

"I want him to make an appointment to meet Thelma Benton where he can inspect the diary. She may, or may not, have someone with her. I doubt if she'll surrender the diary for inspection. But she'll let him look at it."

"I want that man to turn to the date that's marked October 18, and war the leaf from the book."

"What's on that leaf that you want?" asked the detective.

"I don't know."

"She'll make a hauler," Drake said.

"Naturally."

"What can they do to the man who does that?"

"Not very much," Perry Mason said. "They may try to throw a scare into him, but that's about all they can do."

"Couldn't they sue for damages if the thing was made public?"

"I'm not going to make a public," he said. "The simply going to let her know that I have it."

"All right," Drake said, "I'll be on my way."

(MORE ON MONDAY)

PRAVDA, the Kremlin's mouthpiece, said: "Even little children know that nobody has threatened, or is threatening, the security of the U.S." Today, William Hamsher tells the story of one Iron Curtain child.

JUST A SONG TO LORE

From WILLIAM HAMSHER

DESSAU, Soviet Zone. four times a week. But no English any more."

TEN-YEAR-OLD Lore with the yellow plaits bumped into me outside a State toyshop. I muttered, "You're English," she said. Then she asked me about London. "Is it true that policemen with clubs stand at every street corner? Does England belong to the monopoly capitalists? That's what they tell us at school."

I walked with her towards her home in Lenin Avenue. We passed a Russian. She said:—

"When I see a Red Army soldier in the street I am supposed to say 'Good day. Stalin is our best friend.'"

"I must not call him 'Russian' or 'Rusky.' If he answers, I have to say 'Ja. Soviet citizen.'"

"I could say it in Russian. We have Russian lessons every day, with German

1 Her "peace portfolio."

This was a cardboard folder decorated with the "peace" dove. It was thick with newspaper cuttings of Communist condemnation of Western "war-monger-ing."

Said Lore: "I shan't get good marks for this. Other girls in the school have much thicker portfolios."

2 The Communist Youth Songbook. This is the only school songbook in Eastern Germany. Lore sang me a few bars of the "song I hate most." It proclaimed the wonders of Moscow in May.

3 "Read and Learn." This was a primer now ready for Lore's six-year-old sister. There is not one fairy in it. The cat sits on the mat in the first few pages. Then the young reader starts to learn about the tractors sent from Russia.

A picture shows a little East German boy named Emil finding his way to the tractor hire depot of the Peasants' Co-operative.

Lore knew the caption by heart. She quoted: "Our people have bread because the Soviet Union sends them tractors and grain."

The children

A few pages later come polite phrases: "Good morning," "Good night," and then greeting slogans for Young Communist League members: "Be prepared." Then the response "Always ready" and "Friendship."

Friendship with whom? The next page tells.

It is "What children are called in other lands." In Moscow it is "Misha" or "Natasha." In People's China it is "Fu-li" or "Hua-tse." Bottom of the page are Bobby and Bessie, of London. But no Hank of Detroit!

Turn over, and Emil is promoted to the blue blouse uniform of the Young Communists. Finally, the schoolbook shows him demonstrating under a Red banner for "German-Soviet friendship and peace."

The lesson phrases for the demonstration picture are: "In war, the bombers came. So we could not sleep. We were hungry."

Lore knew these, too—with-out looking at the book.

(London Express Service)

Horse of the Ice Age lives again

BY a patient series of breeding experiments, two German professors have "recreated" two animals which died out at the end of the Ice Age, ten or 15 thousand years ago.

These animals are the auroch, the primeval ancestor of modern cattle, and the "pre-horse," the forerunner of modern draft-horses and Derby winners.

Professor Lutz Heck, of the Berlin Zoo, and his brother, Professor Heinz Heck, of Munich, have built up what are virtually living fossils.

Lutz Heck has been collecting primitive species of cattle for years. He crossed fighting Spanish bulls with Scottish Highland cows and re-crossed the calves with Corsican, Swiss, Bohemian, and black and white Dutch breeds.

Each new generation put the clock back a thousand years or more until he finished up with his "ideal," the odd auroch calf which looked a bit like a bison and a bit like a cave drawing.



Wild eyes. Hard hooves. stubby mane...

Lutz then joined brother Heinz at Munich, and the two professors concentrated on the ancestors of the horse. This experiment was not so difficult, for a few primitive horses still survive.

These are the Tarpens and Przewalskis, horses of the great plains of Dzungaria in Western Siberia. The wild ones had all died out by 1922, but a few beasts remained in private zoos.

The Duke of Bedford had one or two at Woburn Park. There were two in Munich and one at the Washington Zoo. The Heck brothers took specimens of these horses and bred them with domestic stallions and Gotlandia mares.

Recently they produced the "pre-horse."

It is alive now in a pen at the Munich Zoo. It has large, wild eyes, hard hooves, and a stubby mane like a white-wash brush.

JOHN POMFREY



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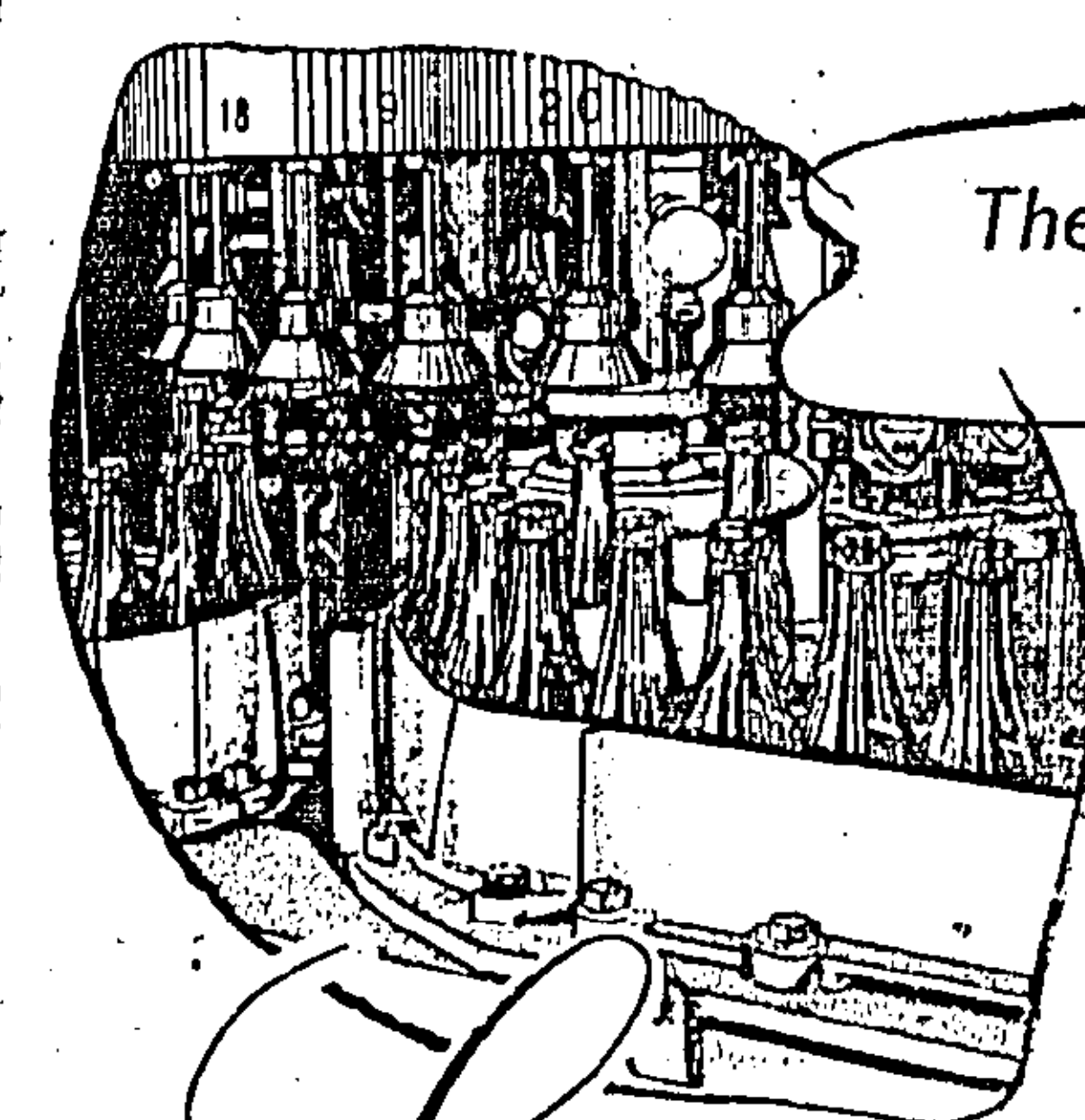


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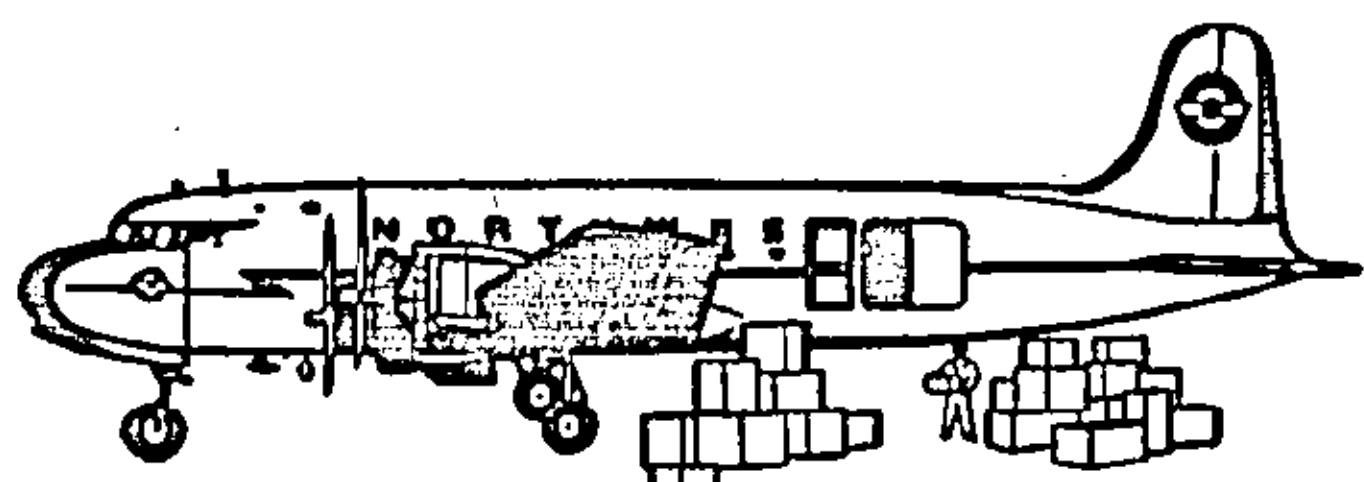
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How To Bring Up Seven Daughters

By . . . THE HON. MRS. ROBERT BOWER

MARIANNA, one of my seven daughters, was recently married to Major Gilbert Monckton, son of Sir Walter Monckton, K.C.

I have been asked to tell how I brought up seven daughters, not forgetting one son.

My large family was never planned in advance. They are Marietta, aged six, Mary, 12, Veronica, 13, Elizabeth, 17, Marianna, 21, Margaret, 24, Anne, 27, and my son, Paul, who is 26.

No easy life

EARLY notions of an easy life as a naval officer's wife were swept away by a growing maternal instinct backed by faith, though we had little more than my husband's Service pay with no marriage or children's allowances.

When my fourth baby was born friends criticised. "How awful!" they said, intending to be sympathetic.

Our nurse was derided by shop assistants for working in such a large household when there were so many jobs going looking after a "one and only."

But while friends wrote after the birth of my seventh child, "You surely cannot find this a matter for congratulation," I was in fact extremely happy.

Until my fifth baby arrived we had no real home, having to live in a succession of rooms and furnished houses at home and abroad.

Then we bought a house in London. Of course, sacrifices had to be made.

Expensive boarding school education became out of the question. Then, with experience accumulating, I found I could do without a nurse.

When she went I decided that my elder children had been waited on far too much. I noticed how quicker my four-year-old was in learning to dress and undress herself than the nurse-attended older children.

Presently I found the four-year-old bathing her younger sister as a surprise help.

Became M.P.

ADDITIONAL household complications arose when my husband became Member of Parliament for Cleveland in Yorkshire. For 14 years our expanding family shuffled backwards and forwards between London and Yorkshire where one of my babies was born.

Clothing the children on a slender family budget called for ingenuity.

As one child grew out of her clothes these were carefully put away ready for the next.

At one time I had over 100 pairs of children's shoes in the house and still had to buy more.

Sales bargains had to be pursued. In those pre-war days I could buy a 22 pair of shoes at a sales price of 10s. a 25 pair for 21s. and cheaper still were remnants which I bought in quantities.

One of my best bargains was some white furnishing satin which I made into cot pillowslips which have been in use 13 years, and cost only one shilling each.

Pandering to childish food fads and fancies was impossible, but some of my children could not be made to enjoy tripe and onions or calves' heads, dishes which were cheap and nourishing.

At one time I economised by buying fish direct from Grimsby by the stone. I also saved by buying grocery in bulk, such as jam in 7lb. tins.

Quarrels were usually over possession of toys or whose turn it was to help me with homely tasks. I had a rota system for laying tables and clearing, for example.

I could not have coped with my large family if I had not made it my policy to make the children self-reliant and independent of me at the earliest possible moment. I began to cut the apron strings after the fourth birthday.

My children are much travelled and I have not always been able to go with them.

MY RULES

DON'T spoil any one of your children by giving in to their every whim.

DON'T be too strict. While a spoiled child is unfitted to face life, an over-disciplined one is tempted to become deceitful.

DON'T send your child to church alone. Your own example is essential.

DON'T overrate your child's natural abilities. That leads to disappointment. Watch and encourage.

DO take a real interest in your children's amusements.

DO be patient with the endless questions of children. When possible help them to discover the answer for themselves.

DO try to bring out initiative. Implant the desire to want to try things that are new to them, whether they be food, clothes, or amusements.

DO have the courage to learn from your own mistakes.

PARENTS never finish learning how to be parents.

All of them have had the experience of travelling in the guard's van, one of them at the age of four.

All my daughters are taught to cook, sew, darn and knit. Monica could sew buttons on when she was five.

When the time came for one of my girls to attend school I had my own system of teaching them traffic safety.

I would take the child myself for the first week or two. Then I would follow the child without her being aware.

I would appear from nowhere to correct my child when necessary.

About films

THE usual childhood illnesses seemed alarming at first, but with experience I came to be able to diagnose them quickly.

It paid me to insure against operations and accidents. Operations were numerous—five for appendicitis alone and 11 for tonsils.

I never believed in dosing them with medicines as a routine.

As soon as a child goes to school it wants to go to cinema. Here I had to be careful. Only 35 percent of all parents are careful to keep their children away from harmful films.

I either preview a film myself before allowing the children to see it, or take opinions from mothers who share my views about the dangers of the cinema to children.

My daughters like dancing and I hit on the idea of organising with the help of others dances for the young. We hired a Park Lane hotel ballroom.

It cost only a shilling or two more than a similar dance in any good class suburban hall.

Church first

BUT on Sundays I allow no amusements until the family has been to church.

I attach the greatest importance to teaching children their daily prayers at the earliest possible age.

One of the most fascinating things about a large family is watching the development of children's talents and tastes.

Mary, aged 12, has a gift for modelling in clay. A local pottery has been enthusiastic about her Brumas ornaments.

Veronica, who is 13, was chosen from among the children of 40 London schools to be leading lady in a children's play presented recently.

Monica at six years of age is displaying an eye for line and colour. She spends hours painting.

Summing up I would say that it is much easier to bring up a large family than an only child.

(—London Express Service.)

WINDOW ON THE WORLD

By John Ashwin

AS a change from sending troops to Korea the United Nations Organisation has recently been carrying out a more peaceful role by providing free meals for 30,000 starving Arabs in Gaza.

A litre of milk and five grams of sugar and margarine are all that go into the humble meal, but it is provided regularly every morning and to each of Gaza's needy inhabitants the meal is the first sign that their troubles are at last getting world attention.

Passing through the town on his way to Saigon, William Stevenson learned that Gaza's troubles began when the British Army ended its 30 years of occupation duties in 1948. With the Tommies went markets for a dozen local industries. Then Palestine annexed all but two kilometres of the orange groves and wheat fields that normally provided Gaza with 24,000 tons of food a year.

Finally the people of Gaza watched 200,000 refugee Arabs crowd into their already hungry city. For months the refugees lived in the streets while the townsfolk starved in their homes. As many as 10 people were crowded into every tiny mud-plastered home. Over 33,000 were desperately hungry. Some 5,400 actually starving.

The United came to the rescue. Flying its director straight to the spot from Paris, Tokyo, as a result of United's work they are no longer "foodless in Gaza."

ON Coney Island, New York, they are planning the world's most sensational aquarium. Building is to start this year when the finest marine architects in America will begin providing homes for flamingo, indigo, blue, Atlantic tarpon, Amazon electric eels, Northern fluke and flounders, and penguins, sharks, whales and porpoises from Southern waters.

The monster aquarium writes Rodney Campbell, will have 500,000 furnishings and fittings, cost more than £2,350,000 and be designed to give a complete panorama of underwater life to thousands of visitors.

In order to ensure the correct "watery" atmosphere, visitors will enter the aquarium underneath the arch of a waterfall. They will then see a "Clouds to Earth" cyclone showing rain falling from artificial clouds into rivers, the rivers flowing into the ocean and the water then returning as vapour into the clouds.

Over one and a quarter million gallons of water will fill several tanks, one of which will be the largest in the world. The first tank will feature rainbow fish. Others will include the Oceanic Hall for sea monsters, the Jungle and Swamp Hall for crocodiles, the Tropical, Freshwater Hall and the penguin pools. There will even be an Anglers' Hall where fishermen will have a fish-eye view of how they look (to a fish) when they go fishing.

FERD'NAND

An Accident



By Mik

A KILLER IN THE FLOWERS

From Newell Rogers

IT might be all right in a film plot. But one of gangland's laws is that gangsters shoot each other and not each other's lawyers.

Yet, in Hollywood the other day, it happened.

A 52-year-old solicitor, Sam Rummel, was ambushed and shot down in his own front garden at 130 a.m.

For hours the killer waited patiently with an old 12-bore shot-gun across his knees among the flower bushes around Rummel's £18,000 mansion.

Rummel was chief legal adviser of Mickey Cohen, Hollywood's gambling king.

Cohen is the despair of the film writers. They are unable to write scripts as bizarre as what happens down the street to Mickey and his friends.

Rummel is the third of them to die from gunfire in the last two years.

WAR-SCARE BUYING of soap, sugar, and tinned foods has failed to appear in the present crisis. Shopkeepers say many of their customers have not yet finished paying for the hoarded goods they picked up.

buy when the Korean war started in June.

CLOUR EXPERTS advise that driving a red, orange, or yellow car is more dangerous than a black, blue, or green one. They say the warm colours excite drivers behind you and stimulate their desire to pass if you are not driving fast enough for them.

THE WEATHER, a war weapon? Senator Clifford Anderson thinks it might be. He has introduced a Bill in Congress to set up a weather control commission. Some rain-making scientists believe it is now possible to make rain or snow over large areas. And they argue that a blizzard in front of the Chinese who invaded Korea might have done as much good as an atom bomb.

NEW YORK is adopting the British system of zone defence against air raids. Hospitals and rescue crews will be spread out through the zones so that rescue work cannot be paralysed by a hit on defence headquarters.

FOR THE SIXTH time since the 1939-45 war ended soprano Kirsten Flagstad sang before a capacity audience at Carnegie Hall. For the first time there were no pickets outside to taunt her about returning to her husband, not yet finished paying for the land in German-occupied Norway.

"LA BELLE LULU" LOVED WHERE THE MONEY GREW

From R. M. McColl

YOUNG Edward Glonta, aged 21, the son of a highly respected Customs officer in the port of Marseilles, is a promising student of law.

But lately his tutors noticed a marked falling-off in the young man's studies.

The reason was that young Edward was desperately in love.

And to make matters worse, the object of his affections, a 35-year-old circus contortionist named Ernestine Heurre—known professionally as "La Belle Lulu"—told him: "I have no use for whipper-snappers. I am strictly a good-time girl. Give me a man with a thick bank roll."

While Edward was moping about the house on Christmas Eve, wondering where he could find some fun, he suddenly picked up his ears as he overheard a conversation between his father and his uncle.

"Bob," said his uncle to his father, "I have here some gold currency. I have to leave Marseilles on a business trip. Would you look after it for me? I have to leave it in my empty house. Too many thieves about."

The elder Glonta accepted the gold. He walked through the house looking for a good place to hide it. He was quickly stalked by young Edward, who glimpsed an end to his problem.

Finally the father stuffed the gold under the bath-tub. The next night—Christmas Day—the elder Glonta died out with friends. As soon as he got home he hurried into the bathroom to make sure the gold was safe. It had vanished.

Young Edward's haul was startling. It included 1,350 gold pieces, including sovereigns and French napoleons valued at £6,800.

He hurried round to the apartment of "La Belle Lulu" and poured it all into her lap. "Just look what I have for you," he cried.

"La Belle Lulu" rewarded him with a flashing smile. "See me tonight," she murmured.

But when Edward turned up, Lulu was gone. She had left, so the police discovered later, for a small villa in a suburb of Paris, where the 1,350 gold pieces were found in boxes and shoes.

Lulu was arrested and charged with receiving stolen goods.

The Customs officer and his brother had brought charges against "X, the unknown" in connection with the theft. But when they found it to be Edward they withdrew them.

(—London Express Service)

The Commonwealth Alliance

By David Temple Roberts

THE meeting of the Commonwealth Prime Ministers is surrounded by a good deal of secrecy and certain aspects of these Conferences—this is the fourth since the war—seemed designed to mystify the outside world.

The Prime Ministers of Australia and of New Zealand, of India, of Pakistan and of Ceylon, of South Africa and of Southern Rhodesia, of Britain and of Canada are represented. (Dr Malan, of South Africa is represented by Mr Donges, his Minister of Interior; otherwise each Prime Minister speaks for himself.)

This is, indeed, a remarkable gathering of the heads of nine governments. They meet at No. 10 Downing Street, Mr Attlee's residence, without any agenda, without any Press Officers to tell the world, without any television cameras and without any constitution, procedure or vetoes. So it is a meeting as unlike the Security Council as possible. As the Manchester Guardian remarked on the opening day, "a great deal of cant has always been talked about the Commonwealth."

Centre of gravity

SINCE the Second World War the British Labour Government has claimed credit for a "new Commonwealth" with its centre of gravity among the newly-constituted countries of Asia. Great claims have been made for Mr Attlee's statesmanship in fashioning this Commonwealth. The virtues of this Commonwealth have been listed as its lack of constitution, its freedom from obligations, and its freedom to differ within itself on major matters of policy—four members recognise the Chinese Communist Government, five others do not.

There are, in fact, two ways of regarding the Commonwealth. One is as a chain of countries that share a common tradition of Parliamentary rule and a certain system of law which they gained by the accident that all were at one time directly governed under the British Crown. The other fact that unites the Commonwealth is that all these countries are militarily dependent on one another. It is, of course, no longer possible for the Royal Navy to protect the

whole Empire by its control of the sea. But for air, sea and land strength all the Commonwealth countries turn to some degree to Britain. Indian and Pakistan officers are trained in Britain; planes for the Air Forces of the Commonwealth all come from Britain. In innumerable ways the defence efforts of all these countries are tuned to the British military system—even down to the details of rank, uniforms, regiments and the way to tie a bandage. In that respect the Commonwealth represents one of the closest military alliances between independent governments that has ever been seen.

The Commonwealth Prime Ministers, however, lead governments with entirely different foreign policies. Canada is a member of the Atlantic Pact—and has given notice that her main interests are in Europe. Australia has the liveliest fear of political developments in Asia—but she finds her most active interest in the Commonwealth Alliance is the defence of the Middle East. India, Pakistan and Ceylon have—with slight variations—a long-term interest in the development of Asian nationalism. And that does not put them entirely out of sympathy with some of the aims and purposes of Communist China. South Africa has, for the present, less direct contact with the areas of world crisis either in Asia or Europe—but her future is utterly dependent on the survival of Western European independence and influence through the world.

One of the main reasons why no agenda is compiled for these Prime Ministers' Conferences is that it could become limitless. There is scarcely a topic on the globe that does not come within the immediate interests of one of these countries or another. Very little information has ever been available about how these talks are conducted. Most of the time, at the last meeting in London twenty months ago, was devoted to the desire of India to become a Republic. But at

previous conferences there seems to have been a certain amount of conversation in groups before general discussion by all the Prime Ministers. Thus the prospect of a treaty with Japan was probably discussed first with Australia and New Zealand.

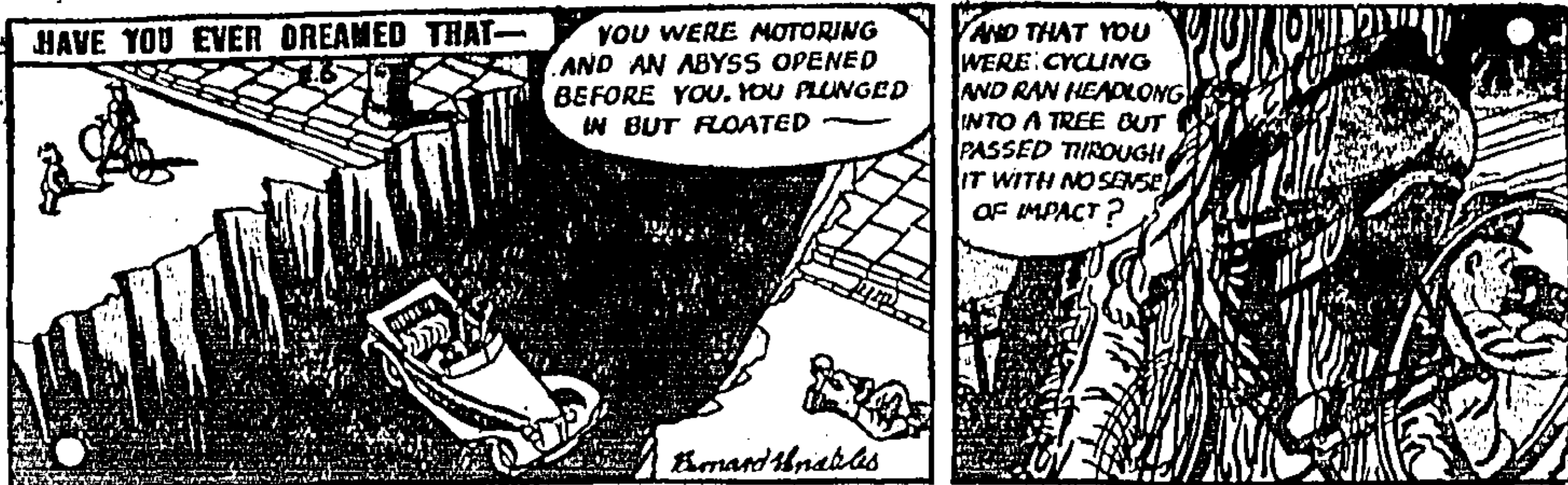
Mr Attlee has tried to establish that the Conference of the Commonwealth alliance is not a place for negotiating disputes between members of the Commonwealth. The reason for this is that he does not want the Commonwealth to break up. He feels that if Commonwealth Prime Ministers become a court of arbitration in disputes then the country that feels its case has been disregarded would take the step of leaving the Commonwealth.

British view

FROM the British point of view there is tremendous diplomatic advantage in the continuance of the loose association of the Commonwealth. The "London-Delhi" axis has often been listed as the most powerful lever Britain possesses in her relationship with the United States. Certainly Washington is interested in London's views, and listens to them, because it is known that they are arrived at after incessant interchange and compromise with the countries of the East.

That is why the dispute over Kashmir is so unwelcome to the British Government. It is recognised that India, as the bigger power in the dispute with Pakistan, could afford to make the concession to a diplomatic usage of allowing an international body regulated by the United Nations to settle the dispute.

But Mr Attlee is so unwilling to put pressure on Premier Nehru at the Commonwealth Conference, in case he should retaliate by leaving the Commonwealth and weakening its influence in Washington. So we stand the risk that the Commonwealth will either leave the Commonwealth or refuse to take part in future Commonwealth meetings where the Indian Premier is represented.



—THIS DREAM MEANS:

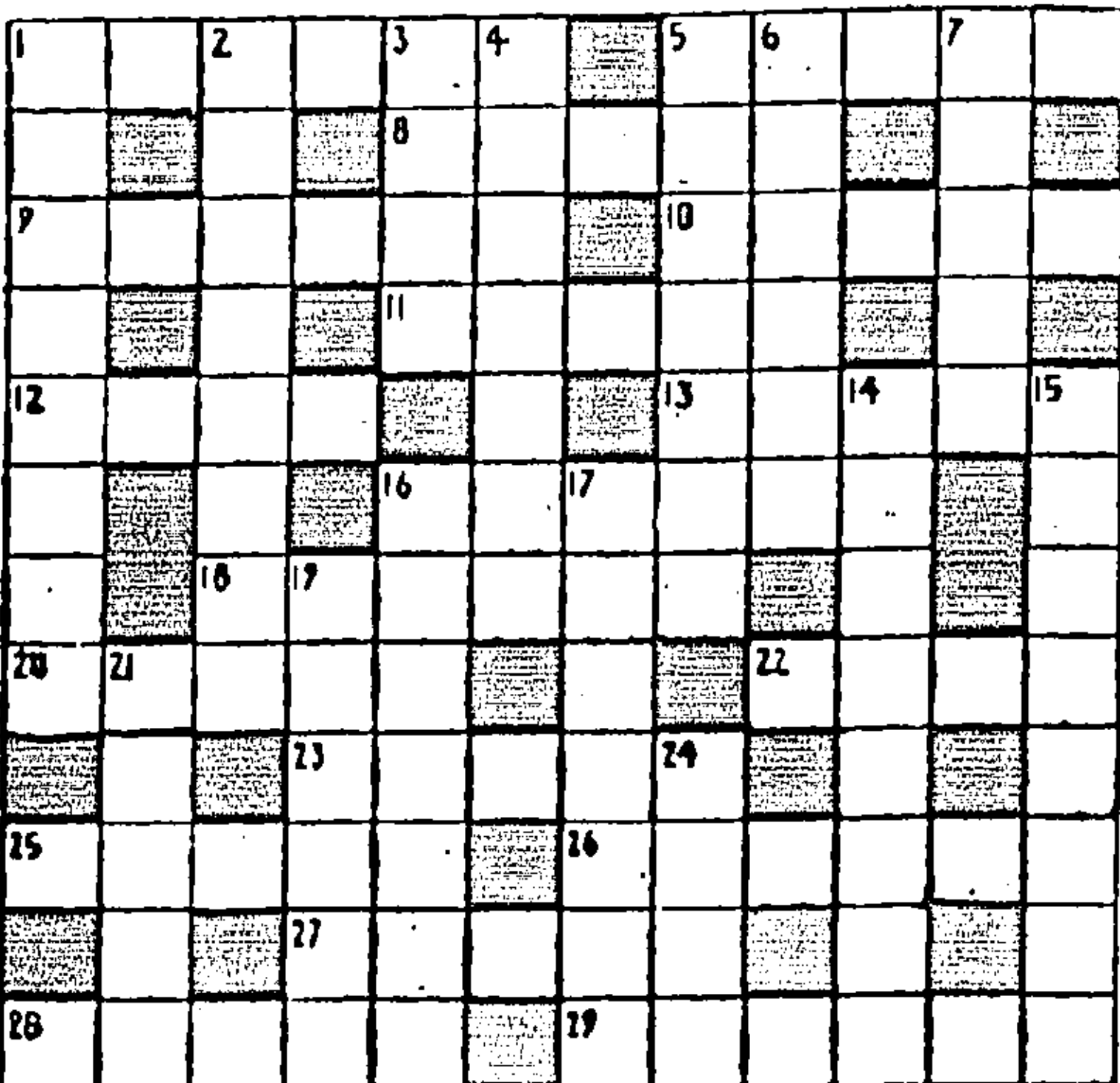
Some experiences of the day have made you over-confident; you feel you can do almost anything and get away with it—even murder.

In the dream, even the yawning abyss does not swallow you up; you float over it. What is

an obstacle to others—the tree—is no obstacle to you, and you glide effortlessly through it.

Most of us swing in our moods a little; you are on top of your swing and right on top of the world. Be careful about now plans or you will set yourself tasks too big or too sustained for you. Now is the time to use your energy to complete old tasks—not to plan new ones.

A British Crossword Puzzle



- ACROSS**
- Contest.
 - Wearied.
 - Chief.
 - Reddish colour.
 - Infectious fright.
 - Dwarfs.
 - Tardy.
 - Cowboy show.
 - Heavenly.
 - Bite.
 - Church land.
 - Musical work.
 - Young animals.
 - Shun.
 - Ejected.
 - Birds.
- DOWN**
- Went to and fro.
 - Engraver.
 - Clucking.
 - Nautical.
 - Recess.
 - Lattice-work.
 - Endanger.
 - Motive.
 - Boilish.
 - Consign.
 - Uninitiated person.
 - Feared.
 - Wordy.
 - Constrain.
 - Horizontal.
 - fat.

YESTERDAY'S CROSSWORD:—Across: 3 Spur, 7 Wrath, 8 Omit, 9 Foul, 10 Fugle, 12 Erse, 15 Aroma, 18 Stop, 20 Galop, 21 Alien, 22 Levy, 23 Scene, 26 Pant, 29 Retreat, 30 Rook, 31 Lido, 32 Agony, 33 Dyke. Down: 1 Fraud, 2 Iterate, 4 Proem, 5 Role, 6 Hiss, 9 Flop, 11 Irons, 13 Rely, 14 Espy, 16 Agents, 17 Warp, 18 Sign, 20 Average, 22 Leek, 24 Crook, 25 Canny, 27 Avid, 28 Trod.

Prince K. mixed his revolutions

THE ANARCHIST PRINCE. By George Woodcock and Ivan Avakumovic. Boardman. 21s. 463 pages.

THE successful revolutionary becomes a tyrant; the failure writes books, usually bad. Prince Kropotkin is an exception. He failed but his books

are good, especially "Memoirs of a Revolutionary" from which much of the material of this new biography is taken.

Kropotkin, son of a very grand Russian aristocrat, was brought up in the noble quarter of Moscow and became a page to the Tsar. A serious youth, he grew bored with dandling about court and went off to explore Siberia.

But, politics was more fascinating than geography. He took a look at Socialism, held his nose over Marxism (a German bureaucrat's idea of heaven, as he decided), and, concluding that all governments are alike wicked took up with the anarchists, to whom the state, any state, is the arch-enemy.

The state responded by locking Kropotkin up in the Peter and Paul fortress, St Petersburg. His escape, after two years, is told by himself in one of the classical narratives of its kind.

Forty years of exile followed, mostly passed in Pinner and Bromley, where he was famed as a gardener. Forty years of ill-health, poverty, agitation,

sectarian squabbling, disappointment. But the worst was still to come.

It came with the Russian Revolution and Kropotkin's return to his native land. Kerensky offered him a Ministry. "I consider," said the old revolutionary, "the trade of a shoe-black more useful." Lenin asked his advice and persecuted his anarchist comrades.

The meanness of the Bolsheviks shocked him. "Why has the revolution no noble side?" he asked on his death-bed. His funeral in 1921 was Moscow's last mass demonstration against the new terror.

A hundred thousand followed the coffin beneath the black flags of anarchism, and banners which declared, "Where there is authority, there is no freedom." The Internationale was not played. Kropotkin, having compared it to "the howling of hungry dogs." An anarchist, released from prison for the day, denounced at the grave-

SPOT THE WINNERS

By JON HOPE

In the book business the pace quickens. Once again there has been that most lucrative of all objectives—the gift season sales.

There is speculation on which author will top the sales. In the non-fiction class I tip James Boswell (1740-95). His recently discovered London Journal should thrust him well in front.

Runners-up—Cecil Woodham-Smith, with her Florence Nightingale biography; Sir Osbert Sitwell, with his final volume of self-revelation, Noble Essences;

Laurence Earl, with Yangtze Incident.

And the story tellers? I am banking on a surprise entrant—Sir Duff Cooper (Operation Heartbreak). Other favourites—John Masefield (The Wind); Neil Peterson (Behind Thy Daughter); John Galsworthy (with the Illustrated Forsyte Saga).

Henry St. George Saunders, who recently gave up his job as House of Commons librarian, has written his first novel. He calls it The Sleeping Bacchus. Out February. Saunders is spending the winter in France.

Self-imposed chore that has lasted three years comes to an end soon with publication of Victory Cavalcade, a comprehensive What, Where, When of World War II.

Book has been compiled by Joseph Fenton, who took time off from theatrical and musical impresario duties to do it. This is his first venture into authorship. But he seems to have ventured most other pines—from selling jewels in China to exporting oranges from Brazil.

(London Express Service)

New National Park

Sir Patrick Duff, chairman of the National Parks Commission, recently signed the designation order for the first national park in the Peak District. It will be sent to Mr Dalton, Minister of Town and Country Planning, for his approval, within the next few days.

The area designated covers about 524 square miles in Cheshire, Derbyshire, Staffordshire and the West Riding of Yorkshire and the county Borough of Sheffield. Orders concerning the Lake District and Snowdonia National Parks will be submitted to the Minister in the next few weeks.

In a statement the Commission said that the act of designation would not effect any change and the land in a national park would remain in the hands of the present owners. There was no reason why designation should interfere with farming activities.

side "the butchers in the dungeons, the dishonour brought on Socialism." Before dusk he was back in his cell.

So, in bitter irony, on a bitter winter's day, passed a pioneer of Russian freedom who had lived to be its last representative. Benevolent, naive and winsome, he had got mixed up in another man's revolution and was crushed by it.

Kropotkin's charm appears in the story of a failure—along with too much about the doctrinal feuds of his comrades.

THE HUNTER. By James Aldridge. The Bodley Head. 9s. 6d. 264 pages.

MAN Against Nature! Recipe for some of the dullest slabs of pretentiousness ever written—but here, just for once, producing a splendid story.

"The Hunter" is a novel of the Great Open Spaces for adults. It is strong; rings true; avoids the sentimentality which lies in wait for unwary travellers in the backwoods. Its hero is Roy MacNair, not-so-simple son of nature, trapper with a territory in the Musk-o-gee country of Ontario.

Being intelligent, Roy knows that he is "trapped out" and that, every season, by exceeding his legal quota of skins, he hastens his own economic extinction. Being stubborn, he is loath to take up farming. Being tempted, he joins in a raid on the Silver Dollar Game Preserve, 1,000 square miles, teeming with beaver, mink and such-like forms of wealth.

(London Express Service)



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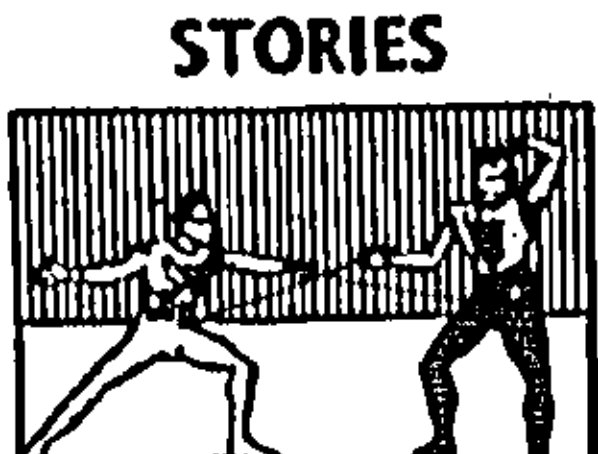
Social Obligations

By KEMP STARRETT





PUZZLES



STORIES



HOBBIES

The BOYS and GIRLS PAGE



CRAFTS



GAMES



JOKES

Tee Joe and Blessing Day

By LEE PRIESTLEY

TEE JOE dipped the paddle dreamily. Tired of gathering Spanish Moss with Gran-Pere he had been glad to go down to Guidry's store to bring home Big Joe's package. Now on the way home he could just see in his mind how the judges would look at the shrimp trawlers anchored after the ceremony of the Blessing of the Fleet.



Tee Joe went home, his misery growing every minute. Pride goes before a fall in the Bayou.

Those judges who would choose the most beautifully decorated boat would stop at Big Joe's boat.

"Magnificent!" the judges would say. "Who decorated this fine first prize winner?"

The people in the crowd on the docks would push Tee Joe and say, "Step up, Tee Joe! Reach your hand for that prize! You decorated Big Joe's boat, didn't you?"

Tee Joe could see himself stepping up, swaggering proudly and bowing—

Tee Joe stared at what he had done. Frantically, he reached for the big package that he had knocked overboard. But the current caught the package, bobbed it beyond his grasp. When he got it aboard with the paddle, it was a soggy, falling package of bright, dripping colors. Packages and packages of crepe paper, red, blue, green, and yellow that Mr Guidry had ordered for Big Joe to use in decorating his boat. Ruined, plumb ruined.

Miserably, Tee Joe went home. Tomorrow neighbours

should take shame. Big Joe, the captain of the fleet and they do not have pride to decorate his boat.



AT the houseboat, Tee Joe counted his money. Two dollars and forty cents he had been saving for muskrat traps. Big Joe had given him \$5 to pay Mr Guidry for the package he had dropped in the Bayou. Mr Guidry shook his head when Tee Joe hurried back to the store with his money. "Tee Joe, they ain't another package of crinkle paper in south Louisiana. The shrimpers bought it all for Blessing Day."

Tee Joe went home, his misery growing every minute. Pride goes before a fall in the Bayou, he told himself. Gran-Mere was waiting.

"I thought you'd never get here, Tee Joe," Gran-Mere said. "I want you should empty up for me. I been dyin' rug rugs for the whole ladies' club and every cook pot and every wash pot is full of a pretty colour."

Tee Joe went over to the chicken, the island-like high ground rising out of the marsh like a back yard for the houseboat. Piles of soft, gray Spanish moss that Gran-Pere gathered and dried to sell to furniture makers in the city lay all about. Spanish moss was pretty stuff, even if Tee Joe did get tired pulling it from the big old oaks. It hung in feathery and graceful festoons.

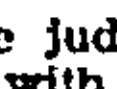
Tee Joe stopped and stared at the piles of moss as if he had never seen any before. Feathery? Festoons? He hurried from the moss to Gran-Mere's dye pots. Maybe those Gauthreaux wouldn't be shamed after all....



THE morning of the Blessing Day was bright and hot. Tee Joe could scarcely breathe wedged on the docks with everybody from New Orleans to the Passes. The Bishop prayed for safety and success for the fishermen and the boats that would soon sail out into the Gulf for shrimp. Then the gaily decorated boats sailed slowly past to receive the Bishop's blessing and berthed at the docks to wait for the judging.

Early that morning Gran-Pere had complained about the misery in his back, so Tee Joe wasn't surprised when thunder rattled in the clouds that lay on the horizon and when some big drops of rain slatted down. People in the tight packed crowd kept hoping the hard rain would hold off until the judging was over.

"Crepe paper festoons can't stand water," one woman near Tee Joe fretted. "We worked all night fluffin' them streamers and two buckets of rain will purely ruin them."



WHEN the downpour came it was just as if Big Joe's boat bloomed and blossomed! The decorations lost their decorations as the crinkle paper garlands and flowers melted into soggy rain. But Spanish moss loves the rain. The festoons on Big Joe's boat looked prettier the wetter they got!

Tee Joe had dyed bushels of the moss in Gran-Mere's dye pots to decorate Big Joe's boat. The more it rained the lighter and more feathery the soft blues and lavenders and greens became. When the red and green hiding lights with screens of moss threw their glow over the boat, the crowd clapped with delight.

When the judges came along in slickers with their notebooks sopping wet, it was just as Tee Joe had imagined.

"Magnificent! Wonderful use of native material. Who decorated this fine first prize winner?"

Gran-Pere began to elbow Tee Joe. "Step up there, son, and reach for that prize. You was the one decorated Big Joe's boat."

Tee Joe stepped up. But he remembered that pride went before a fall in the Bayou so he tried not to swagger too much.

Knife and Fork

"Then Toodles put a napkin around her neck, took a knife and a fork, and waited for dinner to begin. She felt a little hungry. In fact, she felt very hungry which, as everyone will agree, is exactly the right way to feel just before dinner. But the family was slow in coming in, and Toodles—though she couldn't help as she could—couldn't wait any longer. She thought she would just take a nibble and a taste of something before the others came in."

"But what was there for her to eat?" Knarf said.

"Toodles," said Mr Punch, "wasn't the picky sort of eater. She was used to eating whatever was before her. So she had a bit of salt, and a sniff of two of pepper, and was just starting on the vase of flowers (which she thought was the main part of the dinner because it was right in the centre of the table) when the family came in. Poor Toodles!"

And even without Mr Punch's saying so, Knarf and Handi knew that poor Toodles was cheated out of the house. Her mistress weren't understood at all.

Mr Punch smiled. "You see," he went on, "Toodles had learned somewhere or other, probably from the cat, that people with good manners always ate their dinner from a table. They never—but never, ate their dinners on the floor, or off the ground. I always do," sighed Toodles.

"Then one day Toodles decided that, pig or not, she was going to show everyone that she could have as good manners as everyone else. So, just before dinner-time, when she heard Mother calling out that dinner was ready, Toodles squeezed herself out between the boards that closed in her pen. The rest of the pigs who lived in the same pen with Toodles asked her where she was going. But all she would answer was that she was going to eat her dinner the way it should be eaten."

"Where did she go, Mr Punch?" said Handi.

"To the house, of course," replied Mr Punch. "She pushed the front door open with her nose after knocking on it with her knuckles several times, and marched right into the dining-room. Sure enough, there was the table all set with dishes and glasses and napkins and silverware. There was also, right in the centre of the table, a big vase filled with flowers. But none of the family had come in yet."



Toodles eating her dinner.

Toodles Was an Unusual Pig

—She Wanted to Eat Dinner at a Table—

By MAX TRELL

"NOW you may not like pigs," Mr Punch was saying to Knarf and Handi, the Shadows-with-the-turned-about-names, "though I don't know why you shouldn't. Pigs don't ask to be born into pigs. It just happens that way. And there they are—just pigs. But whether you like pigs, or you don't, I'm sure you'd like Toodles."

"Toodles, Mr Punch?" said Handi, and Knarf repeated: "Toodles?"

"That was her name," replied Mr Punch, nodding. "I mean, that's what everybody called her who weren't pigs. But all her friends and relations who were pigs called her Oink-Ka-Oink-Goink-Goink. Toodles was much shorter. She was a very unusual pig."

"Was she big and fat?" Knarf wanted to know.

"Oh, yes. But she had good manners. At least, she tried to have good manners. But she found having good manners was a great deal of trouble. Folks kept saying, 'Toodles, you're a pig. Better stay a pig.' That made Toodles feel quite sad."

From the Cat

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ZOO'S WHO

THE NORTHEASTERN PANTHER, LONG THOUGHT EXTINCT, WAS REPORTED SEEN RECENTLY IN NEW BRUNSWICK AND IN NOVA SCOTIA.



BEE RAISING NETTED KANSAS FARMERS OVER \$1,000,000 IN 1949.

NETS USED TO CATCH WANA RISK COST \$2,000 EACH.

Fun With Words

BY MARION P. STEVENS AND RITA F. DEWEY

BURIED WORDS

IN this word box you will see at once that each of the five horizontal lines spells a word. But buried in the box are at least 25 other words containing four or more letters each.

To find the buried words, start anywhere and move one square at a time—up, down or diagonally.

Here is one of the words which can be made by beginning with the letter T in either

T	E	A	S
A	B	L	E
L	U	L	L
E	L	L	A
S	E	A	T

corner: "Tail." Now see how many other words you can find. Proper names are allowed but each word must contain at least four letters.

TRADE NAMES

HOW did last names, or surnames, come to be?

Once people had only one name. But the time came when there were too many John's and Henry's, and some way had to be found to distinguish them. So Robin's son John became John Robinson, and Tom's son Henry became Henry Thompson. Charles, who was a dark swarthy man, became Charles the Black, later Charles Black.

Other names came from a man's trade or business. See how many of these common surnames that come from a man's trade you can get. Then make a list of other trade names which belong to people you know.

Because surnames are very old, the trades are the old jobs like Wheelwright, a man who made or wrought wheels, or Smith, who was a blacksmith. Many of them end in the suffix "er" which means "one who."

1. One who digs coal.
2. A worker in wood.
3. A candle maker.
4. A worker in gold.
5. One who gets food from the water.
6. One who grows food.
7. One who grinds corn.
8. One who prepares food.
9. A bread maker.

Rupert's Autumn Primrose—23



At first Rupert can see nothing of the flower. He is so busy making little grunting noises as if he is enjoying himself. Moving along the top of the wall the little bear finds another ivy plant growing up the side and he climbs down it, landing on the ground. The little bear goes on and almost at once he sees the flower rolling contentedly in the flower bed. Seeing the colour of the flowers he runs forward and stares in amazement. They are primroses! he gasps. And he goes! Whatever sort of order is this! There are all sorts of spring flowers growing here as well as autumn ones!



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Love Finds a Way... By Mary Goss

THE Puritans tried to make a bachelor's life as miserable as possible. They thought it was every man's duty to support a family, and the sooner he started the better. That is why they passed so many laws to discourage a man from staying single.

For example, an unmarried man could not "batch" with another unmarried man. He had to room and board with a family. Wherever he went there was someone snooping to see that he behaved properly. The smart thing it seems for a young man to do was to get married while he was still in his teens.

Only it wasn't easy. It was simple enough for a fellow to pick out a girl, but to "date" her was a bit difficult. He could, of course, take her for a stroll in the forest surrounding village. Only there was always a chance that an unfriendly bear, or Indian, might turn a cozy threesome into a lively threesome.



The day was saved for many a bashful beau by the invention of the "courting stick."

get that could be held either to the ear or mouth. Now, it didn't matter if a young man and his heart throb had to sit on opposite sides of the fireplace. With a "courting stick" they could carry on a private line of chit-chat just as silly as they ever could have on a telephone.



IT was no use for a guy to take a gal for a ride either. True, it was one way to be alone with her. But in those days there were no buggies. And it was awfully hard for a fellow to cuddle his dream girl when she was perched behind him on the tail end of a horse.

In the winter the situation was really desperate. The weather was bitter cold. Houses were small and fires a luxury. That meant the whole family had to huddle in one room to keep warm even though a young man was "calling."

It also meant the poor lad had to include his future in-laws in his love-making or just skip it and talk about the weather.



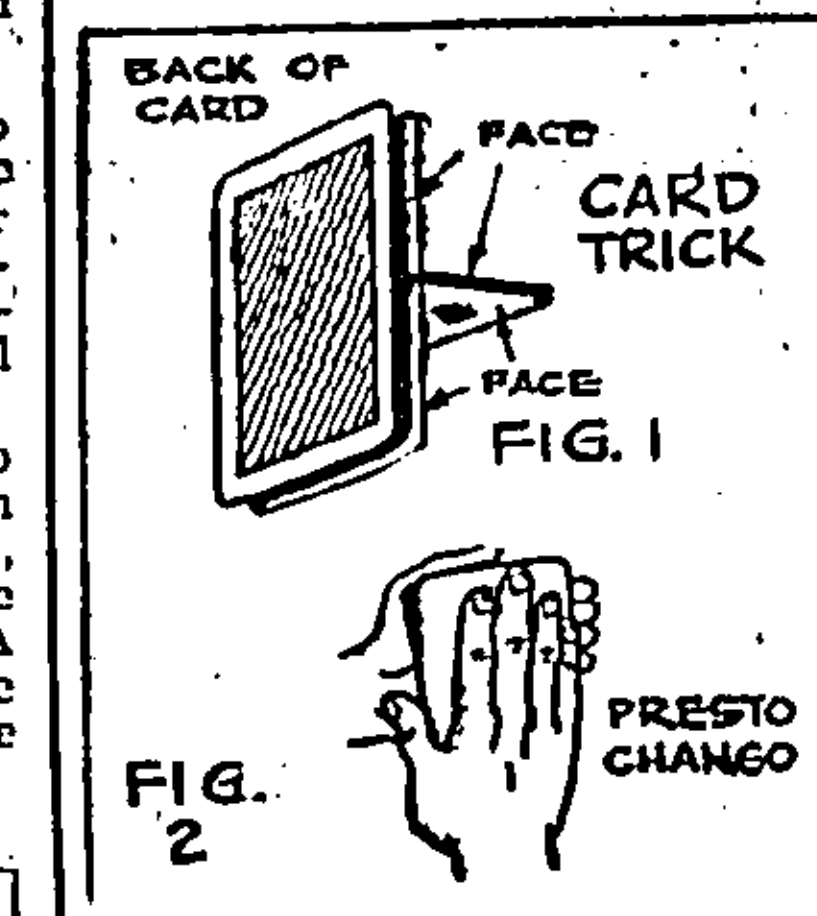
THE day was finally saved for many a bashful beau by the invention of a "courting stick." This was a hollow pole about an inch in diameter and six or eight feet long. At each end there was a funnel shaped gad-

PRESTO CANASTA

BY MILDRED KING

DON'T throw the old pack of playing cards away. They will be handy for tricks on many a stormy day.

Right now you can prepare an easy parlour trick. The ap-



paratus consists of three cards pasted together as shown in figure 1. Any three cards will do. Two of the cards are folded in half with the face of the cards up. Then half of these two cards are pasted together back to back. Now you have Simancae twin cards. Paste these twins to the face of the third card. The hinged part of the twins will then be free to flap up or down so that with a flick of the finger you can expose either face.

To present the trick, hold the flap tight against the back card and show the audience both sides of the card. The three cards look just like one to the onlookers. Now place the trick card in the palm of one hand and whirl your arms in a wide arc through the air saying, "Hocus, pocus, miraculus, jolikus!"

Quickly you turn the flap over and present the card as before, so that the audience may see both front and back. The back, of course, looks the same, but the front has changed to a new card.

ANSWERS

BURIED WORDS: Sabu, bell, else, less, bull, cease, ball, bale, abate, abet, beat, ball, blast, Elba, late, less, lease, sale, tale, seal, sell, slab, slat, table, tale, tail, teal.

TRADE NAMES: 1-Miner. 2-Carpenter. 3-Chandler. 4-Goldsmith. 5-Fisher. 6-Farmer. 7-Miller. 8-Cook. 9-Baker. 10-Weaver. 11-Dyer. 12-Taylor. 13-Shoemaker. 14-Carter. 15-Carrier. 16-Barber. 17-Hunter. 18-Shaver. 19-Dancer. 20-Singer.

Stamps Oddly Treated

NOTHING in the world gets licked, punched, pounded, chased, and then pumpered like a postage stamp. It may be just a tiny bit of gummed paper but as a relic it can become the most valuable thing in the world for its size and weight.

Did we say "gummed"? It should have been "tapiocated." The tapioca starch used on the back of a postage stamp is just as edible as any that goes into the making of the best tapioca pudding.

Enough stamps are made annually to reach from the earth to the moon, and enough tapioca starch is used on the back of the stamps to provide a good-sized dessert for all the people in London over 10 years old. The paper itself is made of bleached wood fibre taken from pine trees.

The stamp patches roll out the paper patches by the millions in one operation the machines wet the paper, print the stamps, dry them, apply the gum on the back, and then dry them again. A numbering machine records how many batches of stamps have been run off and each sheet must be accounted for.

MAKING the picture plate for a new stamp is an intricate business. The picture is first drawn on cardboard and then looks like an overgrown stamp about three by four inches. This copy is then photographed and reduced down to the proper size. Next

the overlying hunt for old and rare stamps by millions of collectors is narrowing the field of undiscovered stamp treasures to a great extent. Nevertheless, if you keep your eyes open and examine the stamps of every new issue, you may still happen to run into a faulty print which before very long would be worth a great deal of money. When it comes to the matter of a humble postage stamp, the usually worth more than the true work of art.

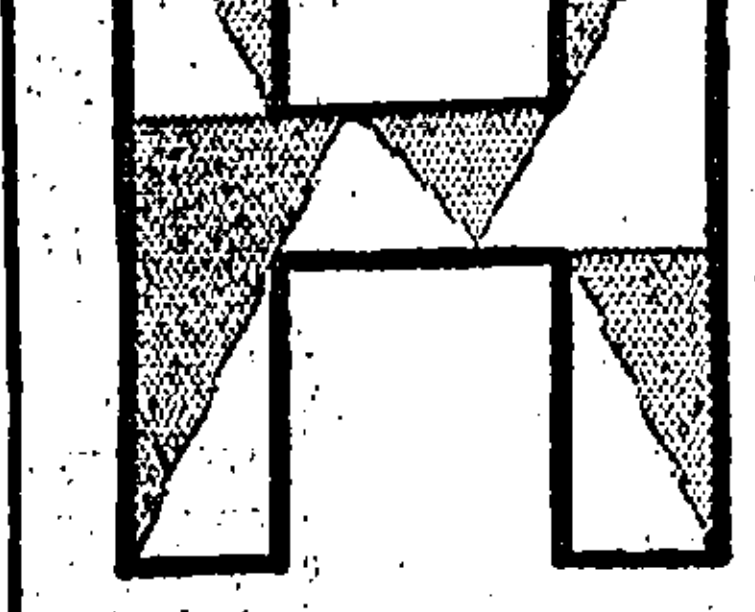
Postage stamps get oddly treated and they are odd things to deal with too.

LETTER JIGSAW

BY REX BAILEIGH

HERE'S a jigsaw puzzle you can make from the letter H. Cut out the drawing, if you wish, or trace it on heavy cardboard, making it larger. Four inches high by three inches wide is good size.

Draw the lines on your cardboard drawing as shown and colour the shaded parts. After



THE COLORFUL H

you've cut out the letter you can have a lot of fun trying to fit the 10 sections together without having two pieces of the same colour next to each other. This seems easy, but it can be surprisingly tricky.

Let your friends try this jigsaw without telling them what letter they are supposed to form. This makes it interesting. You can make other letter puzzles by dividing them this way and colouring the pieces.



MESSAGERIES MARITIMES

ARRIVALS

"FELIX ROUSSEL" ... from Marseilles via Saigon 14th Jan.
 "ST NAZAIRE" ... from Haiphong 18th Jan.

SAILINGS

PASSENGER/FREIGHT SERVICE

"FELIX ROUSSEL" ... to Marseilles via Manila 15th Jan.
 "LA MARSEILLAISE" ... to Japan via Manila 27th Jan.
 "LA MARSEILLAISE" ... to Marseilles via Manila 31st Feb.

FREIGHT SERVICE

"ST NAZAIRE" ... N. Africa & Europe 19th Jan.
 "BEAUVAIS" ... N. Africa & Europe 16th Feb.
 "COURCELLES" ... N. Africa & Europe 10th Mar.

PORT SAID, TUNIS, MARSEILLES, ALGIERS, ORAN, TANGIER, CASABLANCA, HAVRE, DUNKIRK, ANTWERP & ROTTERDAM.

"ST NAZAIRE" ... to Saigon 10th Jan.

CIE DES MESSAGERIES MARITIMES
 Queen's Building Tel. 26651 (Three Lines)

LAST WORD IN SOCCER LUXURY IS—ARSENAL

The last word in soccer luxury is Arsenal Stadium. Not only is the name Arsenal known all over the world as standing for all that is best in English football, but the club's ground and offices are the show piece for all soccer-minded visitors to this country.

To trace the development of that reputation and the luxurious appointments that have grown with it one has only to go back to the appointment of Herbert Chapman as secretary-manager of the club in 1925.

The success story started in his first season. Arsenal were in the last eight in the Cup, second in the League. They had achieved nothing like this before in all their previous 39 years' history.

Then in 1927 Arsenal were in the Cup Final for the first time. They lost then to Cardiff, but they were back at Wembley three years later to win the Cup.

The season after that they won the League for the first time. In fact, that proved to be just the first of five championships in eight years.

Unfortunately Mr Chapman did not live to see the continuation of his good work. Next Saturday, when Arsenal start a bid to keep the Cup by playing Carlisle United in the third round of the 1950-51 competition, is the anniversary of Mr Chapman's death in 1934.

Today the man who was schooled in his ways, Tom Whittaker, then trainer, now so successfully following in his footsteps as secretary-manager, offers what he calls a simple New Year's resolution:

"That Arsenal will continue to be a team that everybody in football can be proud of, that they will continue to live up to the great traditions of the club, by their sportsmanship, the quality of their football, and the relations between club and player."



Besides being captain of the Arsenal team, left-half Joe Mercer (above), former England regular, is also a successful business man. He is shown serving in his grocery business at Hoylake. He trains on the Liverpool ground.

New to business is centre-half Leslie Compton, who has just opened a cafe in Dalston. He seems happy enough at the till, even if it registers only 2d.



London Express Service



Arsenal dwell in marble halls. Here in the main entrance hall beside the bust of Herbert Chapman, stand two of the men who helped to build the club—Joe Shaw (left) and Tom Whittaker.

Entry to club premises is regulated by the commissionaire, and no one goes through that door marked "Strictly Private" (which leads to the dressing-rooms) unless he is a player, an official, or has the manager's special permission.

Luxury finds its way even to the bath (above), situated in the opulent dressing-rooms. Undergoing a soap massage is Leslie Compton.



by Harold Palmer

Don Roper, Arsenal wing, found that he had won a canary for being first scorer in a 1947 match against the Lisbon club Benfica, which Arsenal won 4-0. Christened Jimmy, the canary is a great favourite with his two sons, Donald (8) and Leslie (18 months), seen in his family group (left) with Mrs Roper.

The FA Cup, at present in the Arsenal strong-room remains there for another month. Arsenal hope it won't be away for long.



In his sumptuous office (above), secretary-manager Tom Whittaker talks about tactics to Scottish inside-right Jimmy Logie—the craftsman of Arsenal's attack.

Left Bottom: This is the main entrance to the Arsenal offices and main stand; any day of the week young boys wait for hours in the hope of getting players' autographs. Here they catch three: (left to right) Cliff Holton, centre-forward; Tommy Vallance, outside-right; and Leslie Compton, England centre-half.

AMERICAN PRESIDENT LINES
The Global Fleet

S.S. PRESIDENT CLEVELAND
 will sail on
SUNDAY, January 14th, at Midnight,
 for
HONOLULU and SAN FRANCISCO,
 via Kobe and Yokohama.

Passengers are requested to board the vessel on Sunday, January 14, between 8 and 10 p.m.

Baggage-room and Hold baggage will be received in Godown No. 50 of the Hongkong & Kowloon Wharf & Godown Co., Ltd., entrance through Gate No. 2, Canton Road, Kowloon, on Saturday, January 13, from 9 a.m. to noon and from 2 p.m. to 5 p.m.

WATERMAN STEAMSHIP CORPORATION
MOBILE AIA USA

WATERMAN LINE EXPRESS FREIGHT SERVICE

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THE HONG KONG JOCKEY CLUB
NOTICE TO MEMBERS
SECOND RACE MEETING
Saturday, 13th January, 1951.

There are eight races. The First Race will be rung at 1.30 p.m. and the First Race will be run at 2.00 p.m.

Through Tickets (8 Races — \$10.00) may be obtained at the Comptroller Office of the Club, 1st floor, Telephone House, also tickets for the Cash Sweep on the last race of the Meeting as well as the Special Cash Sweep on the "Pearce Memorial Cup" scheduled to be run on 28th February, 1951.

Through Tickets reserved for this Meeting but not paid for by 10.00 a.m. on Friday, 12th January, will be sold and the reservation cancelled for future meetings.

To avoid congestion at the Club's Offices at Telephone House, non-members are requested to purchase their sweep tickets at the Club's Branch Offices at:—
 5, D'Aguiar Street, Hong Kong
 382, Nathan Road, Kowloon.

MEMBERS' BADGES AND ENCLOSURE

SETS OF MEMBERS' AND LADIES' BADGES WILL NOT BE ISSUED FOR THE 1951 RACING SEASON UNTIL 1ST APRIL, 1951. 1950 SETS ARE VALID UNTIL THEN.

Members and guests are reminded that they and their ladies MUST wear their badges prominently displayed throughout the Meeting.

NO ONE WITHOUT A BADGE WILL BE ADMITTED TO THE MEMBERS' ENCLOSURE.

Badges admitting ladies not in possession of Brooches or Season tickets and gentlemen, non-members of the Club, to the Members' Enclosure and Club Rooms at \$10.00 including tax, for ladies or gentlemen are obtainable through the Secretary on written or personal introduction of a member, such member to be responsible for all visitors introduced by him, and for payment of all bills etc.

Badges admitting to Members' Enclosure will NOT be on sale at the RACE COURSE.

The Branch Offices and the Treasurers' Comptroller Office will close at 11.00 a.m. and the Secretary's Office at 11.45 a.m. The Treasurers' Comptroller Office and the Secretary's Office are situated at 1st floor, Telephone House.

A limited number of tickets will be obtainable at the Club House provided they are ordered in advance from the No. 1 Boy (Tel. 27818).

NO CHILDREN WILL BE ADMITTED TO THE CLUB'S PREMISES DURING THE MEETING.

PUBLIC ENCLOSURE

The price of admission to the Public Enclosure is \$3.00 including tax for all persons including ladies, and is payable at the Gate.

BOOKMAKERS, TIC TAC MEN ETC. WILL NOT BE PERMITTED TO OPERATE WITHIN THE PREMISES OF THE HONG KONG JOCKEY CLUB DURING THE RACE MEETING. MEALS AND REFRESHMENTS WILL BE OBTAINABLE IN THE RESTAURANT IN THE PUBLIC ENCLOSURE.

SERVANTS' PASSES

Servants' passes will be issued to private box holders only, who are requested to distribute them with discrimination and to endorse their names on the passes. Holders of such passes are not permitted in the Members' Enclosure except for passing through on their duties and must remain in their employers' stands.

BY ORDER,
 S. A. SLAP,
 Secretary.

WEEK-END SOCCER

SATURDAY

1ST DIVISION LEAGUE
 Club at 4 p.m. Club v Army.
 Caroline Hill at 4 p.m.: South China v Eastern.
 Boundary St at 4 p.m.: Police v K.M.B.
2ND DIVISION "A"
 Club at 2.30 p.m.: Club v R.A.F.
 Caroline Hill at 2.30 p.m.: Solicitors v University.
 Boundary St at 2.30 p.m.: Police v South China.
2ND DIVISION "B"
 Navy "1" H. V. at 4 p.m.: St Joseph's v Yard Police.
 Navy "1" H. V. at 2.30 p.m.: Prison's v Kitchee.

SUNDAY

1ST DIVISION LEAGUE
 Caroline Hill at 4 p.m.: South China v R.A.F.
 Club at 4 p.m.: Kwong Wah v Eastern.
 Navy at 4 p.m.: Navy v Kitchee.
 Boundary St at 4 p.m.: C.A.A. v St. Joseph's.
2ND DIVISION "A"
 Navy at 2.30 p.m.: Dockyard v Navy.
 Navy "1" H. V. at 2.30 p.m.: C & W v Tramways.
2ND DIVISION "B"
 Club at 2.30 p.m.: Talkoo v Kwong Wah.
 Boundary St: C.A.A. v Eastern.
 Navy "1" H. V. at 4 p.m.: P.C.A. v K.M.B.

SPORTSMAN'S DIARY

The Four "Choongs" Of Badminton

Choong, Choong — Choong, Choong.

No, not a report from Korea, but a specimen list of winners of any big badminton tournament this season.

Last season E. L. ("David") Choong made a big impression in our major badminton events, although he was not then rated Thomas Cup standard by his compatriots. Last summer he was joined by his cousin, E. J. Choong, and later arrivals, E. J.'s sister, Arny, and, best of them all, tiny E. B. Choong, brother of E. L. Yes, four of them.

In the first two open tournaments they have won six out of seven possible events; they were runners up in the seventh. Tomorrow E. B. will probably add the two Yorkshire titles to the family collection.

ANTIQUE CUP

Unusual history goes with the Ashridge Cup, premier open trophy of the Hertford club of that name.

A magnificent piece of silver-smith's work, it was bought by Major Leslie Marler as a perpetual challenge cup. The original inscription remains and reads:

Given by William Moffat Esquire, sole owner of the East Indian ship Scaleby Castle, to

Captain John Loch as a mark of regard and testimony to the very high estimation on which he views his meritorious, honourable and officer-like conduct in every department of his duty and in commemoration of his gallant action with the Piedmontese French Frigate of 44 guns off the Nicobar Islands on 6th February, 1808.

WOMEN IN SPORT

Ranking first in Cambridge Harriers discoveries of the year is a 15-year-old schoolgirl—Sylvia Needham, of Eatham, the inter-counties championships at Aylesford in August she threw the discus 115ft. 3in.—the longest throw by a woman in Britain in 1950.

In May Miss Needham won the national intermediate championship with a record throw of 101ft. 11½in. Later she won the Southern senior and finished runner-up in the National at White City, crowning a triumphant first season in senior athletics by representing Britain against France at Paris—the youngest competitor ever to represent the country in senior athletics.

BERT WILLIAMS TAKES OPENING CLASS IN SOCCER SCHOOL

First lesson is on goalkeeping, presented by **DESMOND HACKETT**. The teacher is **BERT WILLIAMS**, of England and Wolves.

KEEP YOUR EYE ON THE CAT

When the Italian footballers were here last season they nicknamed me "Il Gattone" — the big cat. Funny thing is I learned a lot from watching cats, studying those swift, smooth leaps, their supple, easy movements.

I soon learned you had to be supple to be successful. And to be supple you just have to be fit. Start the day right. When you get up in the morning stretch in that lazy, reaching, cat-style, let your muscles relax, reach up on your toes, stretch, stretch, stretch.

Then get down to a brisk workout. This is my usual routine.

TRUNKS BEND: You cannot make those swift, twisting goal-saving dives if you have stiff stomach muscles, or even worse, a bulging waistline.

TOUCH YOUR TOES: I try to get right down to the palms of my hands touching the ground. Then you are all set to make that smart pick-up without having to get down on one knee, risk being charged over, or lose your balance. This split-second time-saver has got out of many tough spots.

SWEDISH DRILL: Start a simple system of movements with arms and legs requiring concentration. Get the mind and body moving smoothly together. Mental and physical rhythm is the business of every ambitious goalkeeper.

HAND PRESSES: Toughen up those arm and shoulder muscles that punch out the threatening shot, strengthen wrists that have to stand the power of an all-out drive.

I vary my series with a spot of skipping, using fairly difficult footwork to get that mind and body moving easily together.

If you can, get in some brisk work with a punch ball. This is grand co-ordination exercise, one of my favourites.

When you get down to ground training get in as much actual practice as you can. Put into this business of diving, leaping, and saving as much concentration as you would put in an actual game.

Don't think you can suddenly switch from training pace to match pace. It cannot be done.

ANTI-CYCLE

Get down to some all-out sprinting, brace up those calf muscles, they help that cat-like take-off.

One of my fads is I am anti-bicycle. I found it was making me leg-heavy, slowing up the take-off.

TACTICS: Keep your eye on the ball is Goalkeeping Law No. 1: Even when your own forwards are cracking away at your rival goalkeeper, watch every move.

Two quick moves can produce an attack, and a surprised goalkeeper is only too often a beaten one.

Be the boss in the six-yard area, particularly when corner kicks are being taken. Order your defenders firmly and clearly. "Let it go, Billy" or "Your ball, Jack."

Name the players, or the referee may penalise you for calling to an opponent. Always have a clear understanding with your defenders.

FACE THE BALL

CORNER KICKS: I take up position at the post furthest from the kicker, facing squarely towards the ball.

One back is at the opposite post about a pace forward to give me a clear view of the kicker. You can move forward to the high lofted ball. The back looks after the low, short corner kick.

MUSTS: Always get your body right behind the ball, and give that fumbled ball extra cover. Always try to catch the ball. Punching is tricky and dangerous, but if you must punch use both fists together.

KICKING: A well-placed goal kick to your own man can be a match winner. I try putting objects out on the wing, or centre field and trying to land my practice goal kick near by.

Never hit the ball with your toe—it cuts out power and direction.

DIVING: Never dive head-on. Try to throw yourself sideways so you can reach out with your arms for the ball, and your body also blocks the way to goal.

On that cold day when you are not busy, keep moving. Face up and down to keep your circulation going and your body warm and ready for action.

MY PROWL

At Wolverhampton they call my goal-line prowling the "Williams Walk." If it is possible, get your back to the back so you get the feel of the ball.

You must know all the angles—when to come out and thin down the goal target for the forward who has broken through.

My plan is to make a mark half-way across goal and by moving from that point directly towards the advancing player I cut down his target space to the minimum.

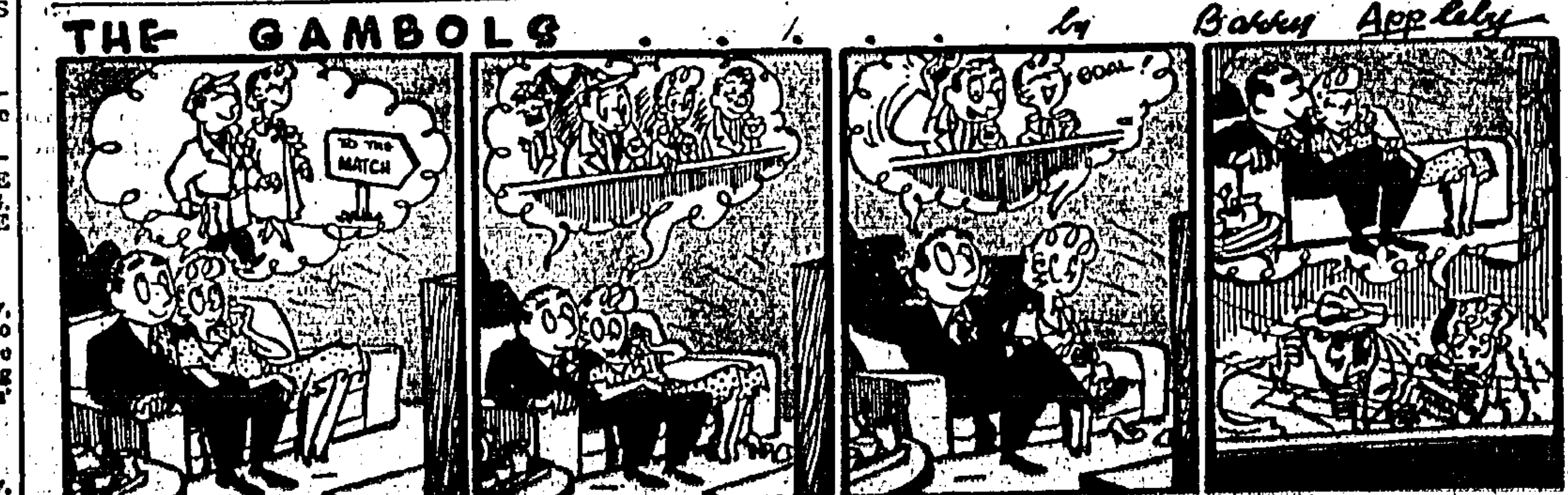
Know your man: My old friend Frank Swift, of Manchester City fame, had a complete catalogue of forwards, nothing who shot on the run, who shot with left or right foot, the long-range man, and so on.

I certainly have mental notes of the leading scorers. Once I picked up a newspaper and saw a player scoring a penalty. I noted his action. Next week we played the same team. And I saved a penalty from that very player.

EQUIPMENT: Always take out a cap and gloves, and a spare pair of gloves on a wet or muddy day.

To all my pupils—good goalkeeping.

Bert Williams
 London Express Service



Owls And Terries Tussle May Decide Ladies' League Champions

By GRANDSTAND

Relegating all other diamond activities into the background, the Ladies' League tussle between the Wahos and St Teresa's takes on the spotlight monopoly this week as these two rival outfits cross bats tomorrow at 12.30 p.m. in a scrap which may well decide the champions this year.

The Senior League games which have been overshadowed by the important female scuffle are, nevertheless, of sufficient importance to attract fans with the flag hopes of several contenders hinging on the outcome of these needle tilts, as leading South China mix it with St Teresa's.

In the junior circuit, the Dragons need one more victory over the Wildfires to cinch a playoff berth, while the Delawares will go all out to overcome the Aces in order to hang on to their jealously guarded second slot in the Blue section of the minor league.

The Wahos who have held the Chalm Malt Shield for the past three years will be gunning for number four when they tangle with St. Teresa's tomorrow in the feature game. The first round went to the Owls after the Terries extended them to an extra frame before bowling to the champions in the League Inaugural game, and since then, both outfits have trampled over all the other squads, with the result that the coming meet may decide the championship as the possibility of the other contenders upsetting these two power-laden teams is practically out of the question.

The Green Owls have always dished out air-tight fielding as a feature of their success in past campaigns, but they will have to be at their best when faced with the challenging Terries.

The Wahoo battery will be Big Chief Terry Noronha at the chukking end with Hilda Soares receiving, this duo having achieved the understanding which is so necessary in a successful combination. The infield selection has been tried with various combinations, but whether Peggy Barros will be included in the starting quartette or not depends on her availability. In Peggy's absence, coach Billy Wilkinson will probably field Dolly Brown, Gwen Dragon, Irene Castillo and Helen Ribeiro, while the outfield will be selected from Elsie Thompson, Elva Lee, Gracie Archer and Virgie Ribeiro with Marie Rull and Rosie Whelan standing by for utility chores.

A SERIOUS THREAT

St. Teresa's who won the junior championship last year have since then acquired sufficient strength to present a serious threat to the Owls, and must not be sold short as all their victories over their hapless opponents have been by lopsided scores. The addition of Gracie Archer who re-appeared out of retirement to boost St. Teresa's hopes has lent added punch to their heavy offensive strategy, for Gracie has been punishing the horsehide with a vengeance during recent games.

There is a rumour that coach Enrico Rosario's ace hurler Sheila Silva has been sidelined on the advice of her medico, and if this should be confirmed the Terries will be hard put to find a replacement for the important task of facing the Wahoo booming bats.

St. Teresa's lineup includes the Remedios sisters, Theresa and Bernie, Gracie and Lella Guan, Gloria Silva, Yvonne Souza and Betty Baptista, with the most improved rookie Sheila Colaco probably taking on a regular berth.

The popularity of the ladies loop is a 'natural' even when games appear dull to the casual observer, and when two teams who enjoy a large fan following meet, the result should be a record crowd.

Madcaps will be out to avenge a former defeat at the hands of the Saints when they lock horns tomorrow at 11.00 a.m. Followers will recall the last meeting when the Saints availed themselves of the chance of signing on three players from the "Everett," but with this ship out of port the Madhatters feel that this is their turn. Madcaps are also hanging on to the chance of South China dropping two of the three tough games ahead of them for the second playoff position to be tied up.

This game will feature two steady hurlers in a mound duel, with Silva-Netto and Bucks taking over the pitching assignments for these two feuding teams.

GIANT KILLERS

The curtain-raiser will see the Caroliners at full strength when they face St. Teresa's, for P. K. Lau is not taking any chances of a setback now that his outfit has travelled so far on the rocky road to Penantville. Starting out as an average team, South China has astounded critics by knocking out most of the giant outfits, having humbled Jaguars and St. Joseph's once. The future, however, is still faced with difficulties as they must win at least two out of their scheduled return games against Madcaps, St. Joseph's and St. Teresa's. Tomorrow's game should therefore be a crucial one for the Caroliners.

South China's slabster P. C. Wong who is a heavy stickler has drawn comment from various quarters with his slow pitches which have handcuffed renowned sluggers, but batters are catching on. On the other hand St. Teresa's hurler Joey Franco who has been dogged by bad luck, losing decisions when victory seemed at hand, is a fastidius hurler, and if he can only curb his temperamental spells, he can turn the Caroliners back. Joey's best performance was a 6-3 effort, and the only obstacle to their youthful ambitions are the Dodgers who are trailing hot on their heels.

Official scores have been busy during the past few weeks in summing up individual batting achievements, or otherwise, and the long awaited figures should be ready for publication in the near future.

At a cursory glance of the statistics, it seems home-run production has been reduced as a result of the longer left-field, several round-trippers were registered last year when distance sluggers cleared the CBA fence with ease when played on that ground. Naturally all eyes will be on the performance of Madcapper Rene Sequiera who won the title last year, and we regret that the Sultan has dropped tremendously. It would surprise no one if Rene fell below the 300 mark.

The separation of the men's league into two sections has presented a problem, in that players of one league may be facing weaker pitching, thus gaining an advantage in their averages. It has been suggested to some quarters that the record for the playoff games alone be accepted in making the annual award.

The Pandas-Americans tussle which was slated for tomorrow at 2.00 p.m. has been postponed as a result of the inability of the Yanks to field a full side, and in place of this game, the Braves tangle with the Reds in a re-scheduled tilt.

The Braves who have enjoyed an undefeated string of triumphs so far should not find difficulty in adding another scalp to their collection. The Reds started off early in the season full of pep, but something must have gone out of the system as they have recently been able to produce only a scratch side. Jock Brown of the Jaguars has taken charge of the squad, but without a good pitcher, will have to pray for a miracle if they expect to beat the Braves.

Latest news received is that the Shanghai Pandas, parent team of the local "Blacks" and "Whites" will definitely make an appearance on local shores during the Chinese New Year Holidays, and arrangements are in hand for a series of five games in which our northern neighbours will take on local league leaders. It is also understood from Y. C. Mei of the Hongkong Pandas that an endeavour will be made to match an All-Panda side against an all-star selection.

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THE BIG SMASH



Miss J. Carpenter caught by the camera executing a baseline smash during the All-England Junior badminton championships now running at the Wimbledon Club.

The Search For A Fred Perry Continues By ARCHIE QUICK

The lowest ebb in all sport in Britain has been reached by lawn tennis. It is not so much the overpowering quality and quantity of American women and Australian men as our own complete lack of a Fred Perry or a Dorothy Round which makes Wimbledon a lost horizon.

One man who is attempting to remedy the defect is Dan Maskell, the All-England Club's No. 1 coach. Dan is touring the country covering about 500 miles every week, treading in the footsteps of Fred Perry in his recent nation-wide tour, giving lessons, appointing local coaches, and setting up centres. It is costing the Lawn Tennis Association a lot of money and they will have to spend a lot more before his endeavours begin to bear fruit.

Lately it has been tennis in the snow for Maskell. Down at a big centre near Bognor, Sussex, he has been giving intensive coaching to a hundred promising pupils, and this despite the necessity of clearing away a heavy snowfall on the courts before work could commence.

Maskell is optimistic. "We shall come again one day as we did after World War One," he said, remembering the pessimism there was before Perry and Bunny Austin burst upon the lawn tennis world and carried Great Britain to the top.

Maskell pins his faith on such as John Horn, who has recently arrived at senior status together with the brilliant Warwickshire girl, Susan Partridge. These two, says Dan, will go places and he mentioned also the successes in India this past month of Mrs Tony Mottram (nee Joy Gannon).

Paddy Roberts, he thinks, will be a star after he has completed National Service and can obtain full training. "In the end," he adds, "everything rests with the individual. I can give them constant coaching. I can teach them all the tricks of the trade. I can give them hints from sunrise to sunset. But if the individual player is not prepared for hard work, is not responsive to teaching, is not willing to make all sorts of personal sacrifices in the beginning in order to get a good ground, then he or she will get nowhere."

Perry got where he did by hours and hours of hard practice. It is just the same in any sport. You cannot just play at it if you want to reach the top. Like the golfer and the billiards player, the budding lawn tennis star must put in hours of grinding practice every day."

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NOTICE TO CONSIGNEES

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No claims will be admitted after the Goods have left the Godowns, and all goods remaining undelivered after the 15th January, 1931, will be subject to rent.

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JEDSEN & CO., Agents.
Hongkong, 11th January, 1931.

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* only to Singapore, Penang & B. Deli.		
* only to Singapore.		

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"TJIBADAE"	1st Feb.	
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"TJIPANAS"		24th Jan.
"BOISSEVAIN"	10th Mar.	5th Feb.
"TJIBADAE"		

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"TJIVANG"	5th Feb.	
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JAPAN		
ARRIVALS		SAILINGS
"MELISKERK" +	9th Feb.	17th Jan.
"AAGTERKERK"	Early Mar.	5th Feb.
+ via Manila.		

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"S. L. LUCKENDACH"	San Francisco	Feb. 6	Feb. 7	Singapore, Djakarta, Bombay, Karachi & Bahrat
"INDIAN DEAR"	Straits	Feb. 22	Feb. 22	San Francisco & Los Angeles

For full particulars call General Agents, United States Line Co., Queen's Building, Tel: 31106.

The Davis Cup, Then The Ashes And Now?

By CONNIE RYAN

New York. John Marshall believes that, with the help of American colleges, Australia may win major honours in swimming in the 1932 Olympics.

Marshall, an Australian ace who set eight world free-style records after he came to Yale University in the USA, points out that he won't be a one-man team for the Aussies.

"For instance, in the distance events we can use Garrick Agnew, who now is a freshman at Ohio State University in America," said Marshall in an interview with N.Y. News Haven, Conn. "Agnew has done the 880-yards in 10 minutes flat and the 1,500-metres in 19:36. I have done 18:25 for 1,500 metres and Hironoshia Furuhashi's world record is 18:10.0."

"Other Aussie possibilities are John Davies, a junior at Michi-

gan University here in the USA, who does the 220-yard and 100-yard breaststroke, and two 100-year-olds, Ren Sharp and Doug Hawkins. Hawkins is the 440-yard timer. I hope to continue to improve under coach Bob Kiphuth at Yale, and Davies and Agnew also will improve with American coaching, so Australia may be a strong Olympic contender."

Marshall and Furuhashi met several times during an exhibition tour by an American (mostly Yale) team last August, but neither man was very impressive.

"In the 440-yard and 400-metre race, I was eleven seconds slower than my time for that distance in the USA," noted Marshall. "I did 4:31.0 in the 440 and 4:29.5 in the 400-metres. In the half-mile race, I was 14 seconds off my best time, and in the mile race I was last, 1 minute and 43 seconds off my best time. Furuhashi also was having trouble—he was five seconds off his best time for 800 metres and three seconds off his best in 800 yards."

"I think I was overtrained by the time I reached Japan. I worked too hard preparing for the American outdoor championships at Seattle and I reached my peak there. I certainly wasn't at my best in Japan. Maybe it will be different at Helsinki."

Entries are invited for the Colony Grass Court Singles and Doubles Tennis Championships to be played during the Hong Kong Cricket Club Annual Tennis Tournament commencing February 10th, 1931.

Entry forms are obtainable from all Clubs and Sports Shops. Entries will close at 5 p.m. on February 11th, 1931.

DIAMOND ROUNDUP

The Midget League Delawares seem to be headed in the right direction for the Jim Shepherd Trophy, having breeched through one victory after another. On Wednesday they humbled the heavily favoured Blackhawks with a 6-3 effort, and the only obstacle to their youthful ambitions are the Dodgers who are trailing hot on their heels.

Official scores have been busy during the past few weeks in summing up individual batting achievements, or otherwise, and the long awaited figures should be ready for publication in the near future.

At a cursory glance of the statistics, it seems home-run production has been reduced as a result of the longer left-field, several round-trippers were registered last year when distance sluggers cleared the CBA fence with ease when played on that ground. Naturally all eyes will be on the performance of Madcapper Rene Sequiera

